Adbusters

Crisis of Meaning
Twilight of the West
The Great Crash of 2022
Post-collapse Survival Guide
Life After Real Sex
The New Bionomics

Special Double Issue

The Big Ideas of 2047

Room Diary

2007 ~ 2047

kuolae

Jan. 28, 2047

My dearest,

Perhaps that was stupid of me. Perhaps I will regret it as these last few breaths leave my body on this page. There could have easily been five years more —maybe even ten, twenty, a hundred, if I had the money, put more work in, made the right connections. I was one of the purists, you could say … one of those who opted for what is now called the "human life." Maybe I could have found some surrogate sucker who wanted to sacrifice. But had I done that, you wouldn't hold this scrapbook in your hand. You'd have no idea how we got here. I can't say I'm happy, though I am happy with this.

I know I'm to become a dinosaur of sorts. They'll dig this up and maybe they'll even dig you up, too. They'll scrape away the petrified wood and fragile compressed clay from your limbs. They'll peel back the stone layers that have become rock on your face. Ever so carefully, they'll get to your stomach, your bones, your brain. It will look like obsession … because it is … though they won't know how to feel the origins of their own madness … it'll be some sort of trance … your last meal, your last fight, even your last thought. They'll long for the enigma … and be amazed by your archaic and natural colored eyes, your ancient and imperfect hips, your intact and alien heart.

I guess the great tragedy of life is you never know what you'll be after you're gone. But maybe … you will be able to remember … because of this.

Yours forever,
Kono

 — Margaret Atwood 2013

For a long time, Crake thought. He thought and thought. He told no one about all his thoughts, though he told some of them to Snowman-the-Jimmy and some of them to Zeb and some of them to Pilar and some of them Oryx.

This is what he thought:

The people in the chaos cannot learn. They cannot understand what they are doing to the sea and the sky and the plants and the animals. They cannot understand that they are killing them, and that they will end by killing themselves. And there are so many of them, and each one of them is doing part of the killing, whether they know it or not. And when you tell them to stop, they don't hear you.

So there is only one thing left to do. Either most of them must be cleared away while there is still an earth, with trees and flowers and birds and fish and so on, or all must die when there are none of those things left. Because if there are none of those things left, then there will be nothing at all. Not even any people.

But shouldn't you give those ones a second chance? he asked himself. No, he answered, because they have had a second chance. They have had many second chances. Now is the time.

So Crake made some little seeds that tasted very good; and they made people very happy at first, when they ate them. But then those who ate the seeds would become very sick, and would come to pieces, and would die. And he sprinkled the seeds over all the earth.

And Oryx helped to sprinkle the seeds, because she could fly like an owl. And the Bird Women and the Snake Women and the Flower Women helped too. Though they did not understand about the dying part, only the happy part, because Crake had not told them all of his thoughts.

~~And then the Great Rearrangement began to happen. And Oryx and Crake left the Egg and the~~

From the book: *MADDADDAM* by Margaret Atwood. Copyright © 2013 O.W. Toad Ltd.
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Kyoto. Failed.

IPCC. Failed.

Desertification Treaty. Failed.

UN Convention of Biological Diversity. Failed.

Antarctica Reserve. Failed

2019 Framework for Ocean Conservation. Failed

Rio + 20, + 30, + 40. Failed.

2013

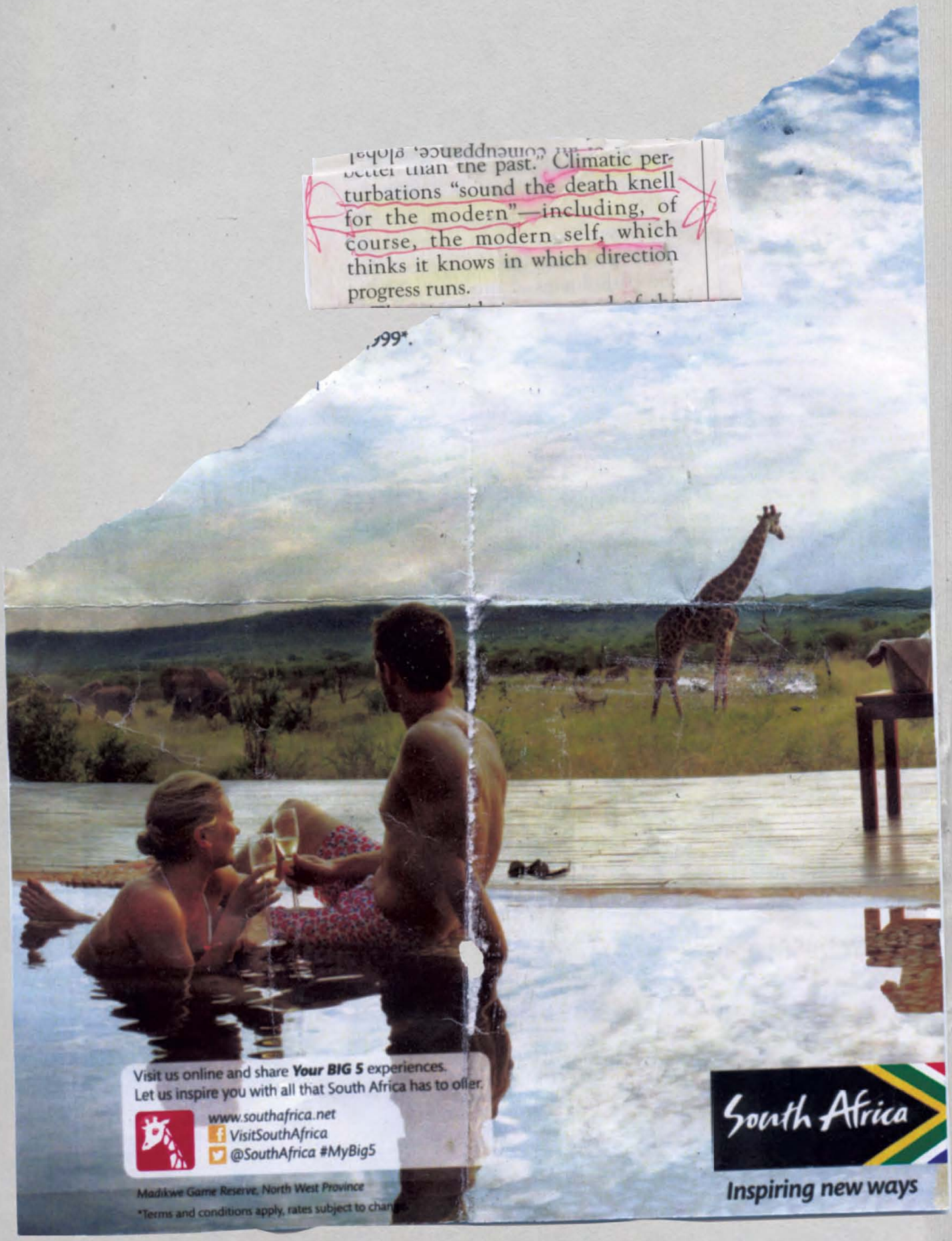
HERE COMES THE YEAR OF THE SNAKE

7 Sept

We've just passed 400ppm of atmospheric carbon. Merry Christmas Mother Earth!

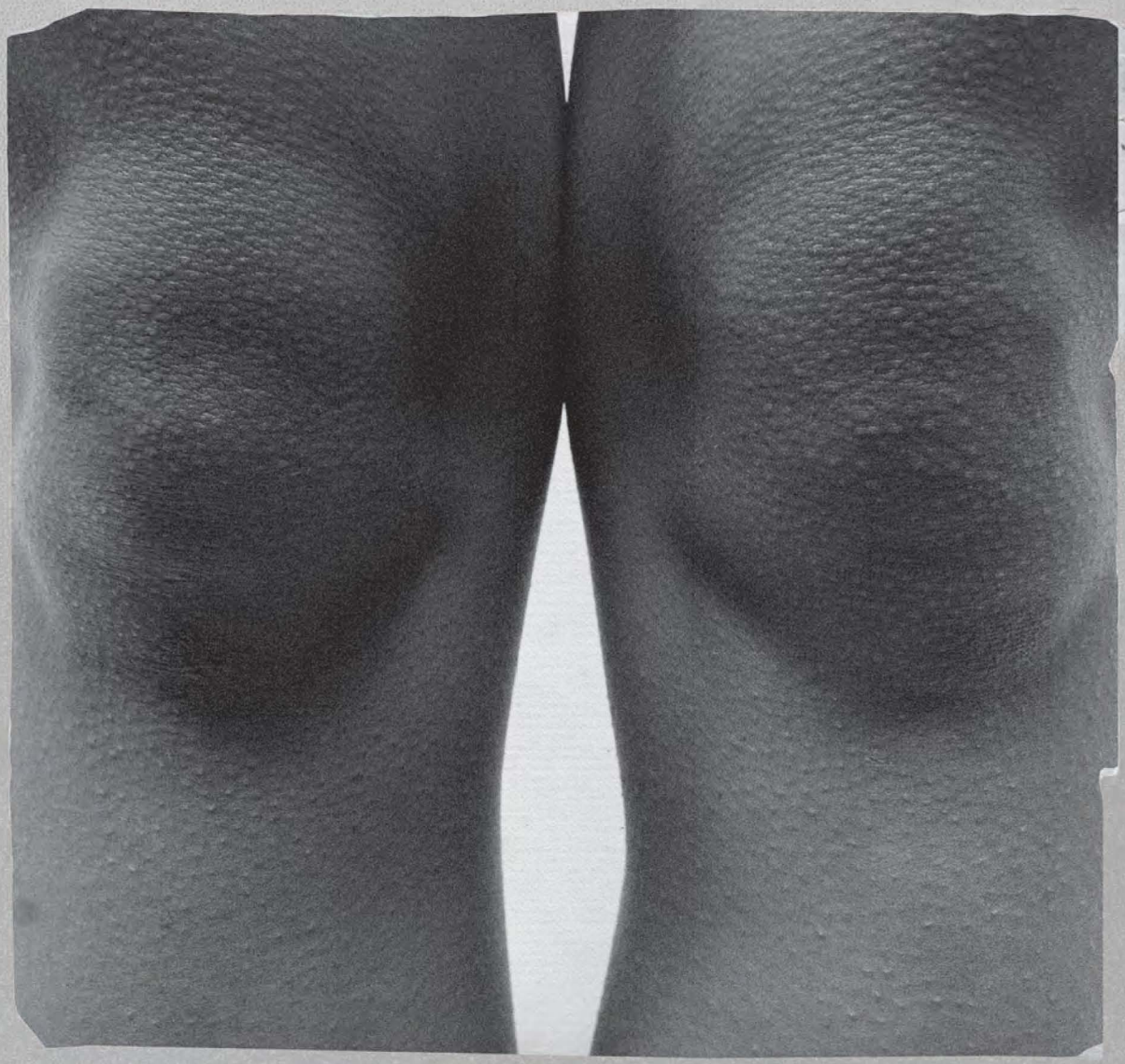
Carolyn Hoffman

better than the past." Climatic perturbations "sound the death knell for the modern"—including, of course, the modern self, which thinks it knows in which direction progress runs.

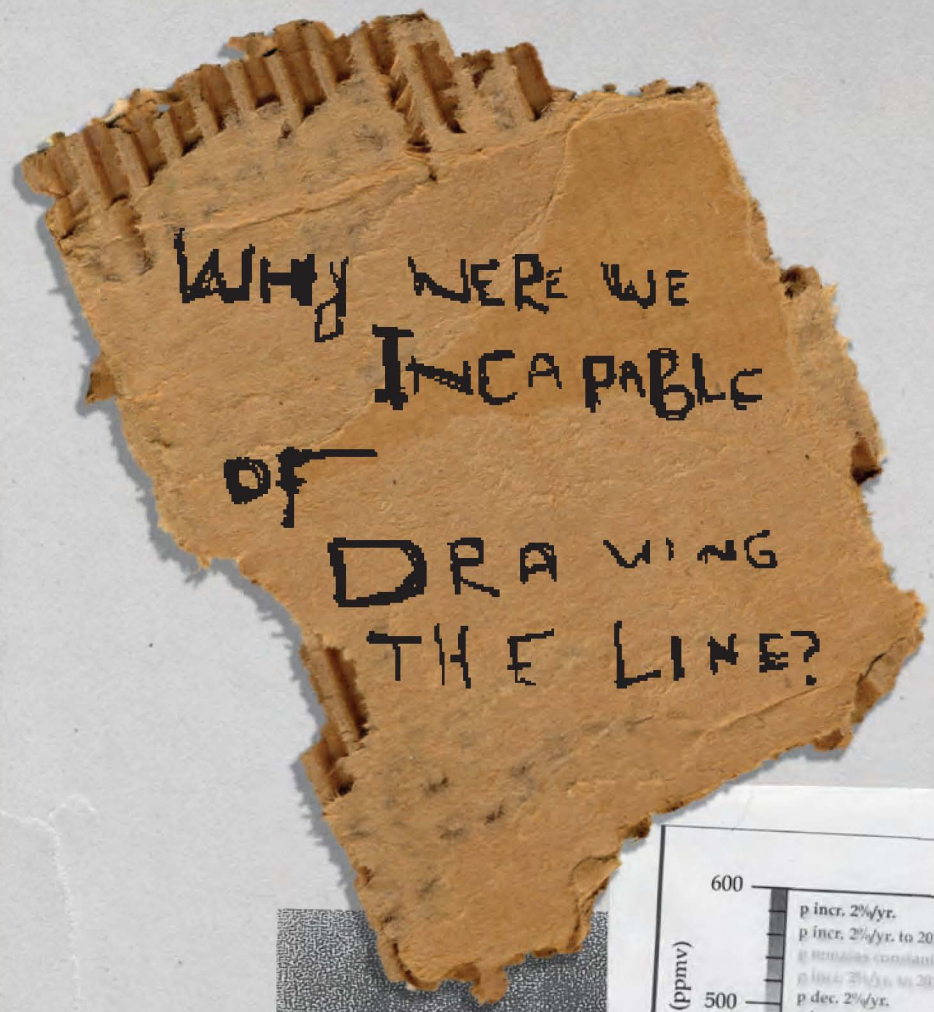


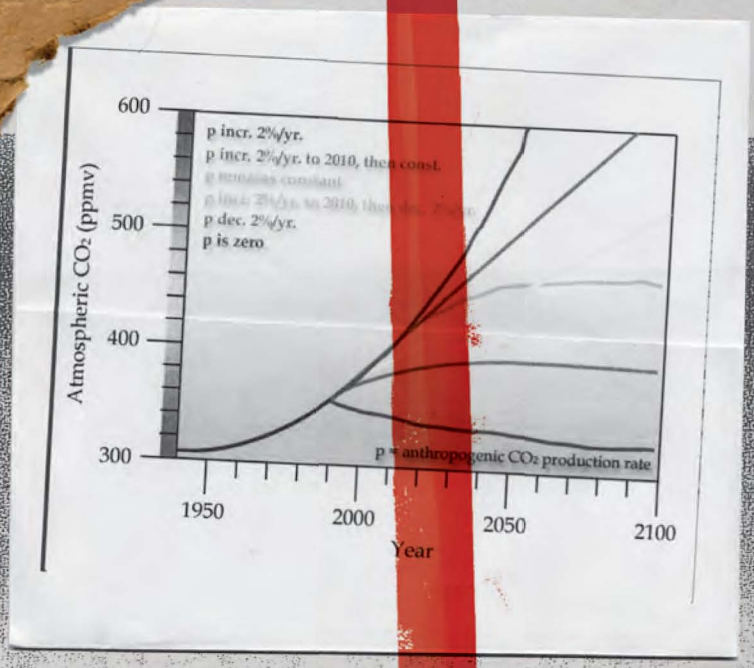
27 September

The IPCC just released another one of its climate reports. I spent the whole afternoon trolling the internet and switching TV channels looking for some trace of sanity to break through. But it all felt like a ridiculous spectacle. The earnest parade of scientists solemnly insisting that they now have 95% confidence that we humans are responsible for global warming . . . followed by endless left vs. right bickering. Smart-ass Bjørn Lomborg kept popping up to tell us not to worry, to spend our "climate change bucks" more wisely and move on. All the while, circling in the background like vultures, that indefatigable band of climate change deniers . . .



Lucyna Kolendo





Sept 28

Climate change . . . why don't we call it something else already? Like the name of a beast in a Greek tragedy, one of those cannibalistic demigods, like Lamia, Medea or Medusa, who threatens to eat all of her children? Yeah, that would be more fitting.

Stephen Emmott

We urgently need to do—and I mean actually do—something radical to avert a global catastrophe. But I don't think we will.

I think we're fucked.

I asked one of the most rational, brightest scientists I know—a scientist working in this area, a young scientist, a scientist in my lab—if there was just one thing he had to do about the situation we face, what would it be?

His reply?

"Teach my son how to use a gun."

the production of a new kind of human being

Pope warns against 'idol called cash'

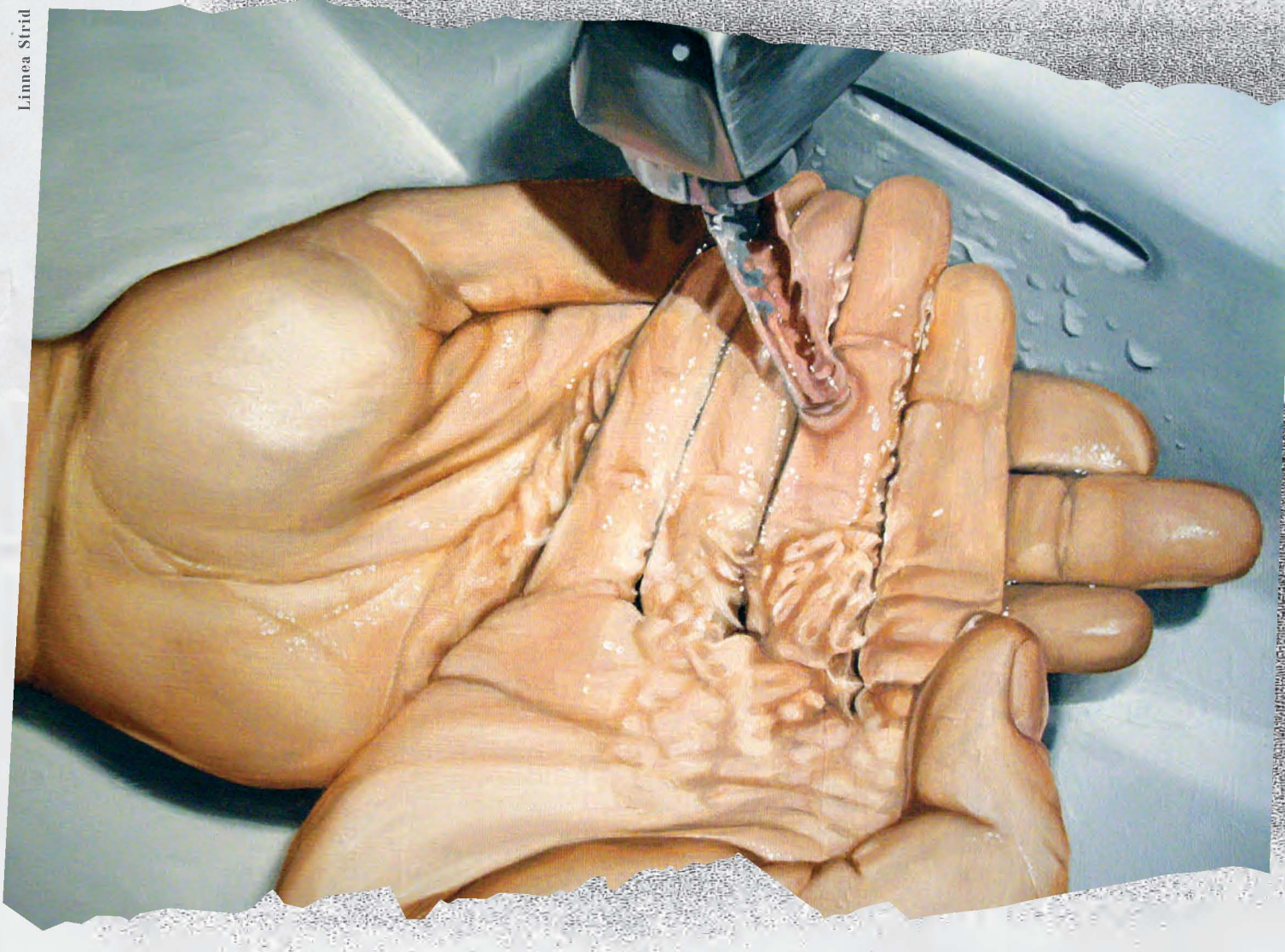
Lizzy Davies Rome

Pope Francis has called for a global economic system that puts people and not "an idol called money" at its heart, drawing on the hardship of his immigrant family as he sympathised with unemployed workers in a part of Italy that has suffered greatly from the recession.

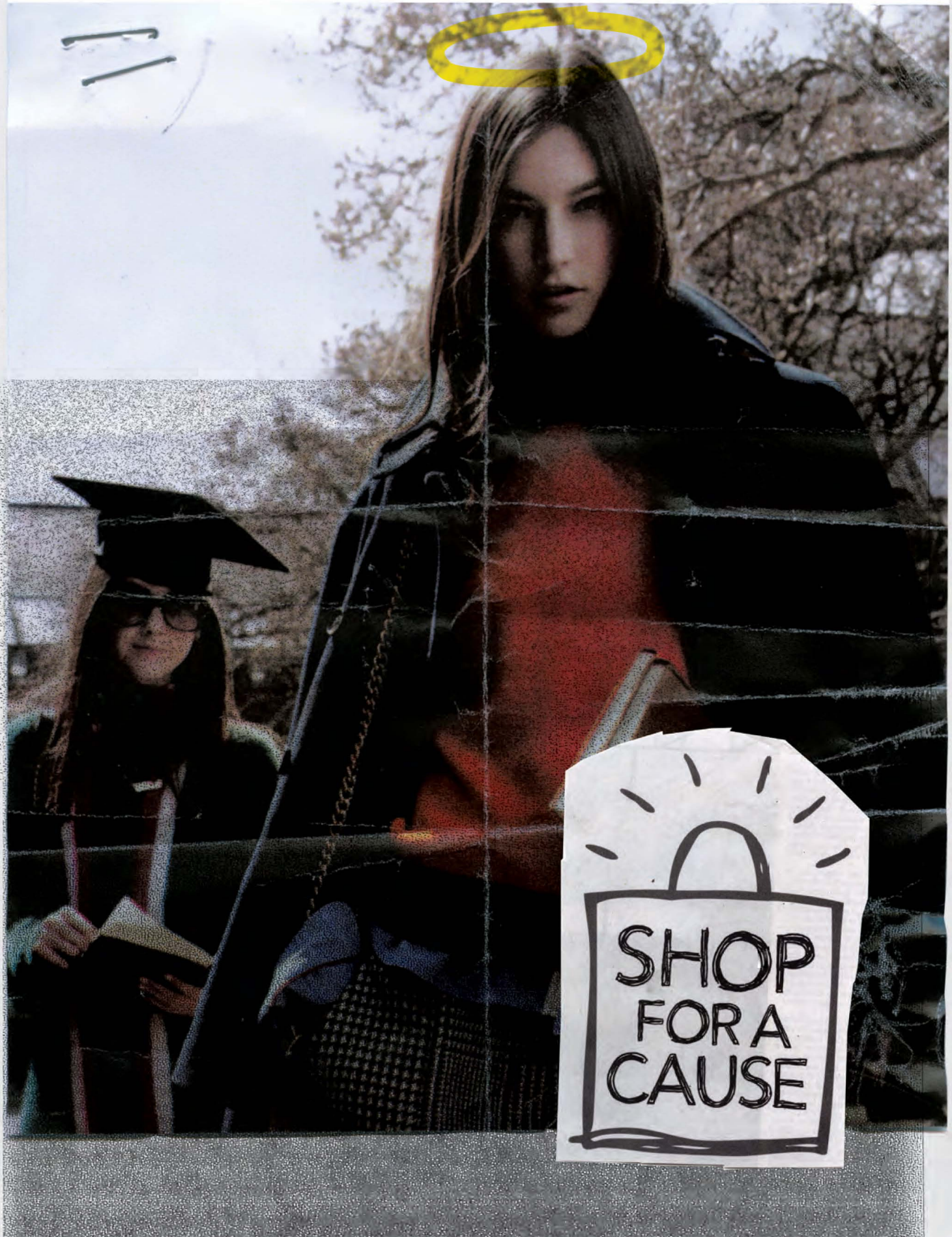
Addressing about 20,000 people in the Sardinian capital of Cagliari, the Argentinian pontiff said that his parents had "lost everything" after they emigrated from Italy and that he understood the suffering that came from

6 October

This morning in the bathroom ... I had one of those rare moments where you suddenly see yourself from the outside. The hot water was running across my palms ... the mirror was fogging. And then it hit me ... that I'd just used up a good chunk of my hot water in the last few minutes of shaving and, hell, I've been doing that for years! I couldn't take the hypocrisy. Can't call myself an environmentalist. So I made a pact with myself. From now on, for the rest of my life, I'm going deep green ... I'm never turning on the hot water tap again.



Linnea Strid

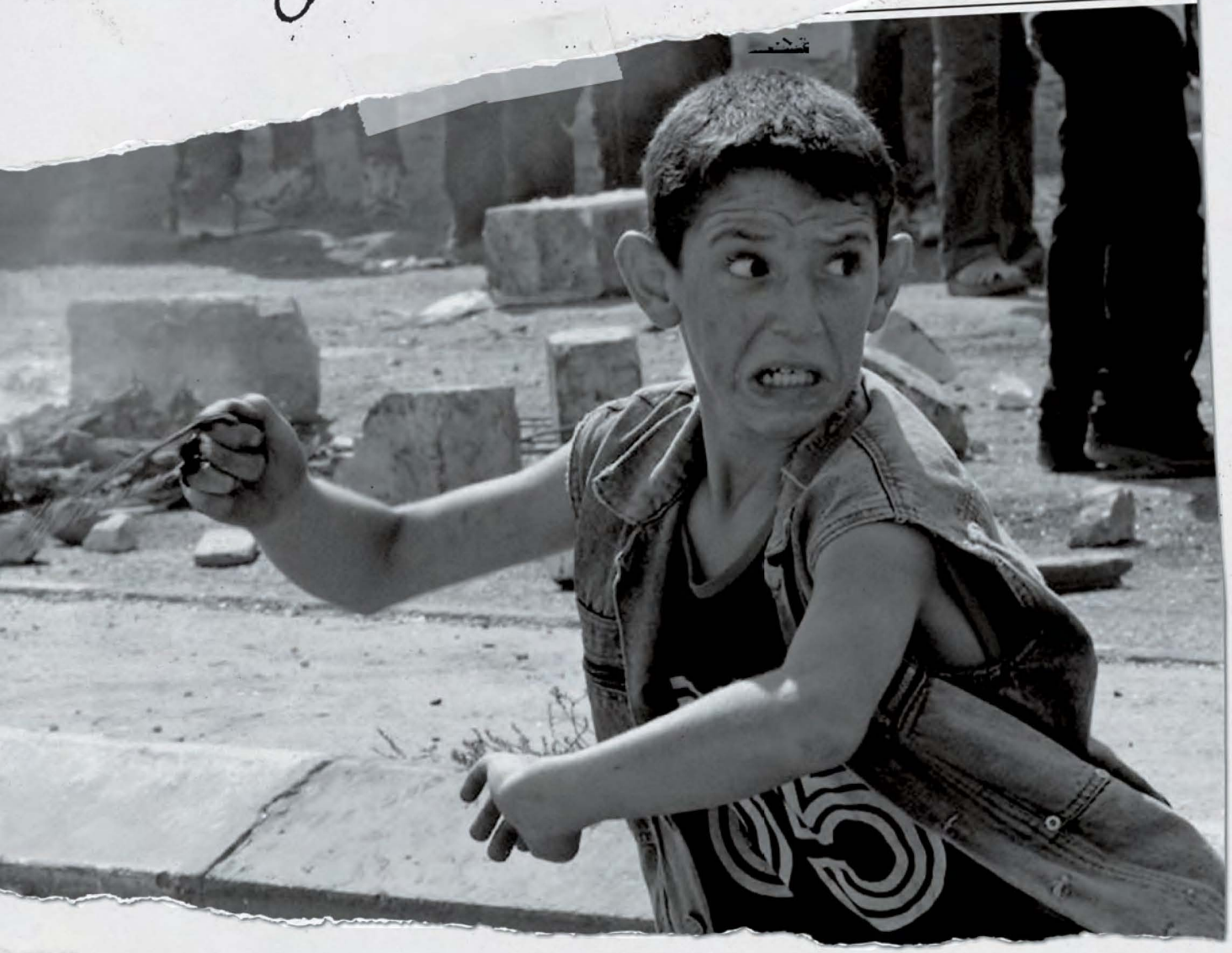

SHOP
FOR A
CAUSE

November 20

You advertise yourself to your "friends" and then you "untag," "delete" and "hide" anything that doesn't fit your carefully-made projection of yourself. You and others begin to forget the difference between yourselves and your virtual counterparts ... and then you start to feel that it's really the other way around. Online you are "liked" ... you look perfect from every angle, you are the center of the universe ... offline you don't always get what you want — your skin has blemishes, meaning doesn't come so easy. Then you become so enraptured with this perfect, unambiguous vision of yourself that you lose your taste for reality, where everything is messy and you can't change the way it looks on a whim. Why would you even bother?

It's like Narcissus. It's not the screen, or the lake, that's to blame. He dies because he can't pull away from his own image. He is dazzled to death by his own magnificence.

Looker



Tom Mihalek/AFP/Getty Images

REW

Clive Hamilton

We are now beginning to understand that free love exacts a heavy price, one unwittingly exposed by author and libertarian, Catherine Millet. The publisher describes her best-selling memoir, *The Sexual Life of Catherine M.*, as a 'manifesto of our times—when the sexual equality of women is a reality and where love and sex have gone their own separate ways'. Is this [illegible] unleashed male libido.

This is the new 'democracy of pleasure', in the words of Ovidie, the French porn star and author who describes herself as a feminist, artist and philosopher.[2] Ovidie starred in the mainstream film *The Pornographer*, of which one critic said, 'No film in the history of cinema had portrayed oral sex with such a superb sense of existential weariness and melancholy'. The subtext of all porn is boredom, the mechanization of sex stripped of its excitement and mystery, reduced to what one person does to another—or, more commonly, what he does to her. Sex in porn is not the exploration of one with another; it is an act of relief, like defecation (indeed, on some internet sites the two are combined).

Perhaps we should accept this if such an attitude were confined to porn videos and sex sites on the net. But depersonalized, indiscriminate sex has crept into the cultural mainstream, so that the symbols, styles and even personnel of the pornographic genre are cropping up on television, in newspapers and in films. In Italy a porn star ran for parliament with the aim of normalizing the genre, and the international media treated it as light-hearted relief from the usu[illegible]

The novels of Michel Houellebecq mirror the turmoil of sexual politics rippling through Western cultures. His work has been called pornographic, yet, unlike Millet, Houellebecq has a purpose with his eroticism. For his characters, sex is an antidote to the meaninglessness of modern life, but the novels are also a meditation on that lack of meaning. They are a subtle journey into the vain quest for happiness in a post-scarcity world in which the promises of plenty, and the freedoms won in the 1960s and 1970s, have left a new barrenness. If all has failed us and there is nothing left to believe in, why not fuck till we drop? Whereas Millet puts her orifices on display, Houellebecq shows us his doubts. While Millet is still playing out the fantasies of sexual freedom, Houellebecq is warning of its perils: 'The sexual revolution was to destroy the last unit separating the individual from the market'.[3]

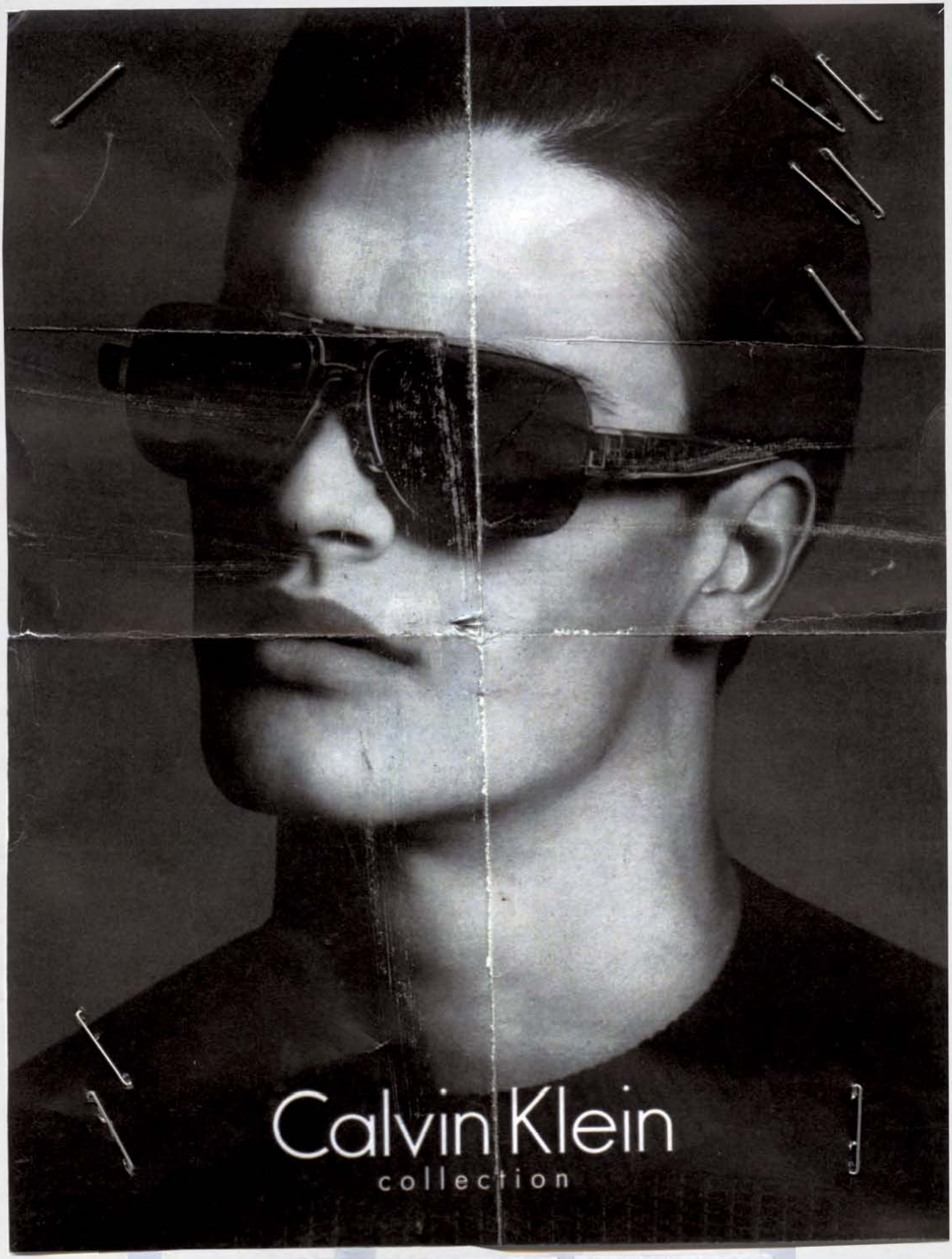
From Clive Hamilton, *The Freedom Paradox: Towards a post-secular ethics*, published by Allen & Unwin.

Lil & me

Big Pasta

January 8, 2015

Lil told me about a friend of hers who's interning at a mental health clinic. They've been getting an unusually large influx of guys in their early twenties. guys who've been watching hours of porn each day since they were ten or eleven. they lost their virginity to a screen. their initiation to sexuality has been ten years or more of jerking off to increasingly intense porn alone in their rooms and because of that, their brains are wired all wrong and they can't get it up during real sex ... 'real sex'—shouldn't that be a tautology? Internet-Porn-induced Arousal-Addiction, that's the formal name for it. there's a big outbreak but no one really knows about it. no one talks about it. no media coverage. no word in the schools. it's a collective secret...

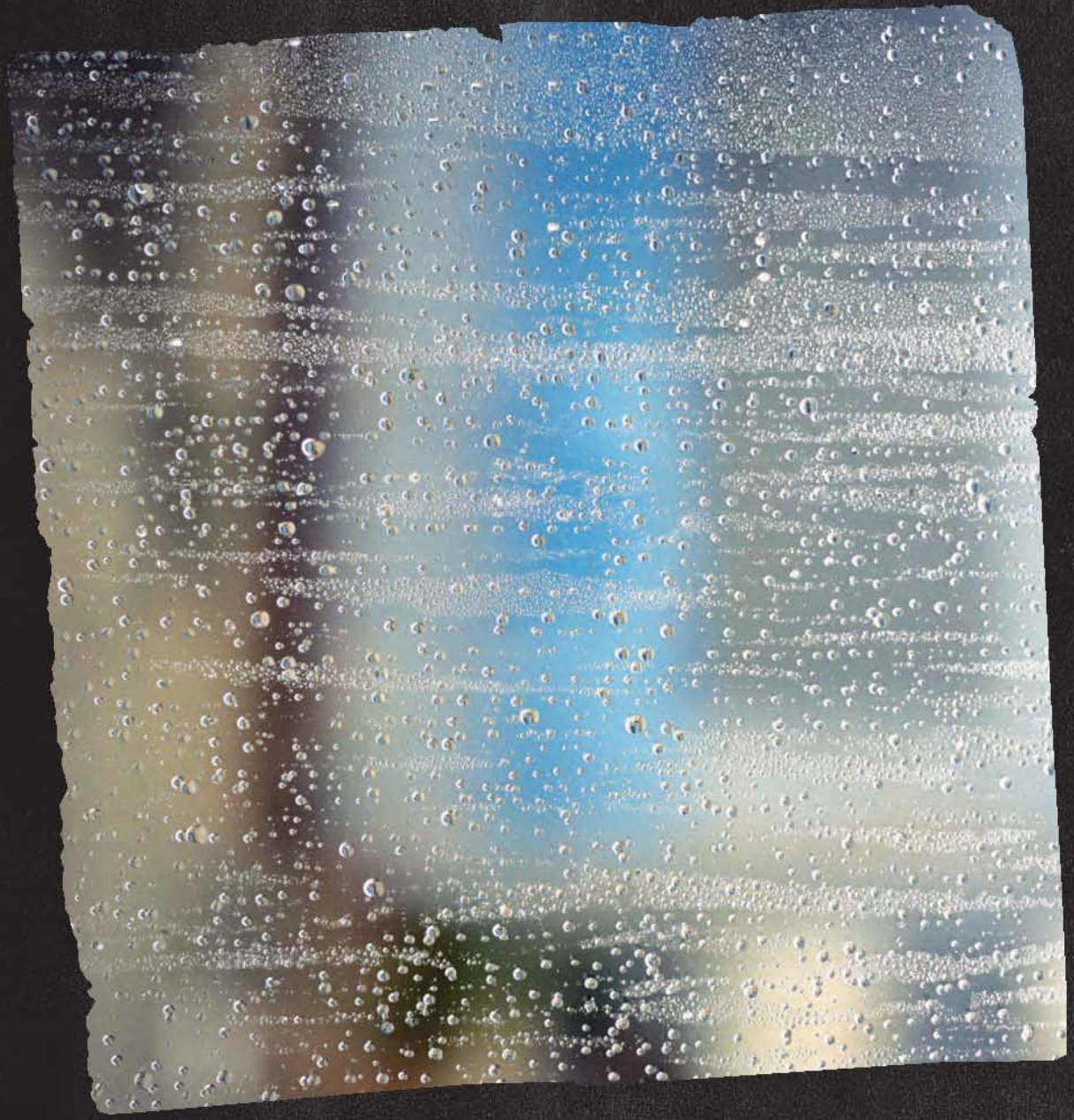


PRIVACY IS THEFT SECRETS ARE LIES SHARING IS CARING

[redacted] . . . still, as time went on and the aquifers turned salty and the northern permafrost melted and the vast tundra bubbled with methane, and the drought in the midcontinental plains regions went on and on, and the Asian steppes turned to sand dunes, and meat became harder to come by, some people started having their doubts… [redacted]

Hamed Saber

Pete Souza /AP



Carol Inze Charney, carolinezcharney.com

Stage 1: Financial collapse. Faith in "business as usual" is lost. The future is no longer assumed to resemble the past in any way that allows risk to be assessed and financial assets to be guaranteed. Financial institutions become insolvent; savings are wiped out and access to capital is lost.

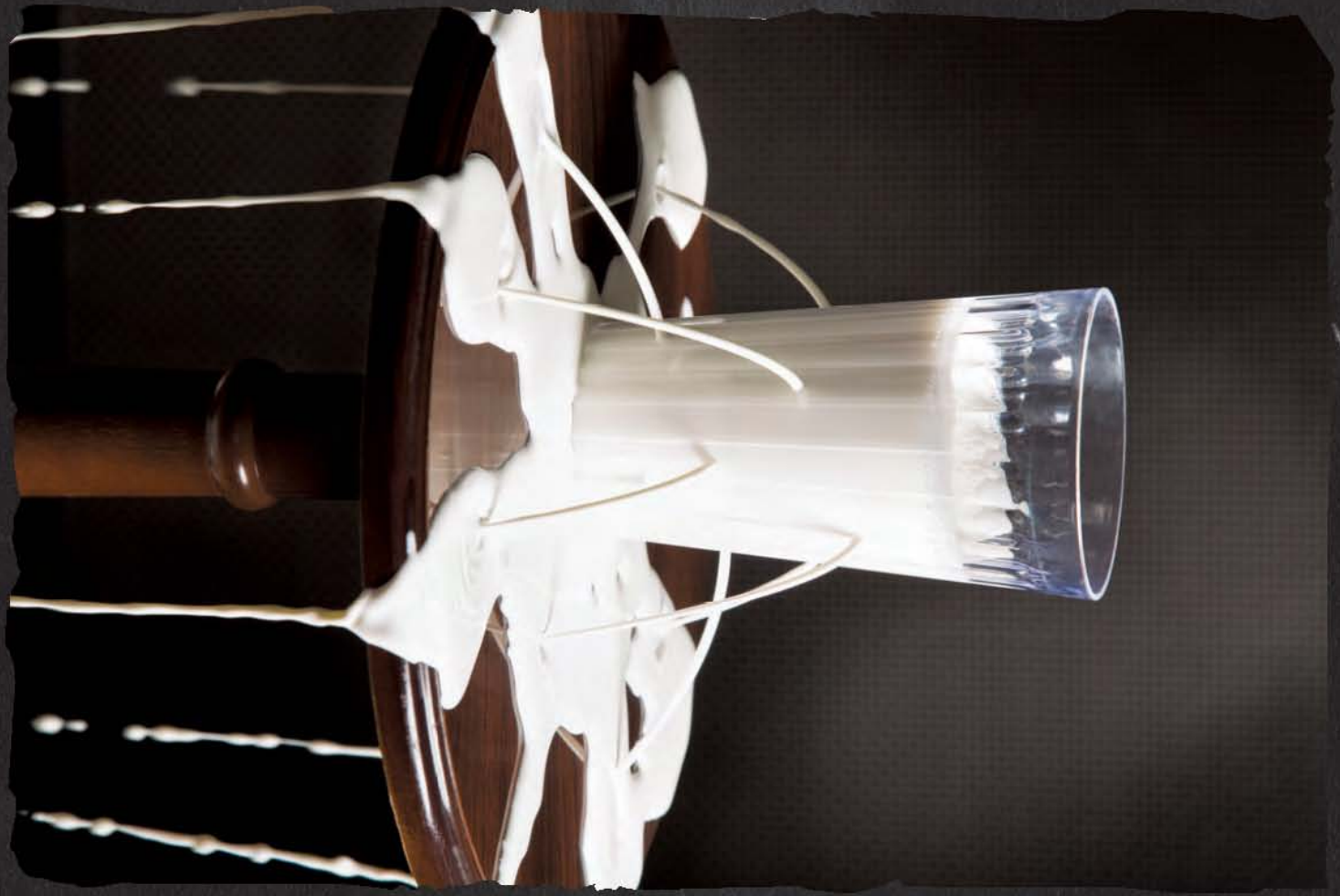
Stage 2: Commercial collapse. Faith that "the market shall provide" is lost. Money is devalued and/or becomes scarce, commodities are hoarded, import and retail chains break down and widespread shortages of survival necessities become the norm.

Stage 3: Political collapse. Faith that "the government will take care of you" is lost. As official attempts to mitigate widespread loss of access to commercial sources of survival necessities fail to make a difference, the political establishment loses legitimacy and relevance.

Stage 4: Social collapse. Faith that "your people will take care of you" is lost, as local social institutions, be they charities or other groups that rush in to fill the power vacuum, run out of resources or fail through internal conflict.

Stage 5: Cultural collapse. Faith in the goodness of humanity is lost. People lose their capacity for "kindness, generosity, consideration, affection, honesty, hospitality, compassion, charity." Families disband and compete as individuals for scarce resources. The new motto becomes "May you die today so that I can die tomorrow."

—Dmitri Orlov



It's Hardly Noticeable XXXII, John William Keedy

While the economic crisis is ravaging Athens and other Greek cities, there are small Greek islands in the Aegean where life goes on, fresh produce is still plentiful and many of the people remain blissfully unaware that there is a financial crisis. Similarly, the disembancados of Mexico lived through the collapse of the peso in 1994 without giving it much notice. They get along without using much money at all, by growing and catching their own food and bartering with their neighbors.

Lack of money makes certain things very difficult. Examples include gambling, loan sharking, extortion, bribery and fraud. It also makes it more difficult to hoard wealth, or to extract it from a community and ship it somewhere else in a conveniently compact form. When we use money, we cede power to those who create money (by creating debt) and who destroy money (by cancelling debt). We also empower the ranks of people whose expertise lies in the manipulation of arbitrary rules and arithmetic abstractions rather than in engaging directly with the physical world. This veil of metaphor allows them to hide appalling levels of violence, representing it symbolically as a

mere paper-shuffling exercise. People, animals, entire ecosystems become mere numbers on a piece of paper. On the other hand, this ability to represent dissimilar object using identical symbols causes a great deal of confusion. For instance, I have heard rather intelligent people declare that government funds that had been allocated to making failed financial institutions look solvent could have been so much better spent feeding widows and orphans. There is no understanding that astronomical quantities of digits willed into existence and transferred between computers do not directly nourish anyone, because food cannot be willed into existence by a central banker or anyone else and because nature, with its frosts, heat waves, droughts and floods, does not respond to price signals.

The main tools of modern finance are mystification, obfuscation and hypnosis. The great mystery of money, to most people, is the sacrament of money creation. The high priest pushes a button and, ex nihilo and seemingly effortlessly, generates more of that which we all want to have more of. This is indeed an impressive trick: what we struggle to earn by the sweat of our brow, the high priest blithely summons into existence with the help of a cryptic incantation. It is more advanced than a shaman's rain dance and far more reliable—to a point. Obfuscation comes from the use of mathematical formulae that few people understand. Even fewer understand their implications and how they (persistently fail to) map onto the physical world. The key formula of finance—debt raised to the power of time—is the ticking time bomb inside all of our modern financial arrangements.

—Dmitri Orlov

JEFF KOONS (B. 1955)
Balloon Dog (Orange)
mirror-polished stainless steel
with transparent color coating
121 x 143 x 45 in.
(307.3 x 363.2 x 114.3 cm.)
Executed in 1994–2000.
$35,000,000–55,000,000
© Jeff Koons

Jeff Koons

407 ppm

Shall I kill
myself or have
another cup of coffee?
Sartre

7,011,673,420

iPod
11:55 AM
In the future, nature
and technology will be one.
HSBC

TOP TEN JOBS FOR OUT OF WORK ENVIRONMENTALISTS IN THE ECOLOGICALLY DISRUPTED CENTURY TO COME

—Erik Assadourian, Senior Fellow at Worldwatch Institute.

Now that the nonprofit environmental sector has for the most part gone bust—it was, after all, supported primarily by surplus wealth held by rich individuals and foundations (much of which vanished as the Ponzi-esque global stock market crashed)—many of us "professional" environmentalists are now looking for work. Might I suggest considering the following jobs, as they all have significant growth potential in the years ahead:

10) TAXI DRIVER

Very few people will be able to afford a car any longer. Public transportation will shrink as other government services do. Getting around will become increasingly difficult. Shuttling people around in a car, small truck or bus would provide a guaranteed income. It's a tried and true method in many developing countries already.

9) TEACHER

No downside here—teaching is a respectable career in good and bad times. Of course, public schools will probably become even more chronically underfunded, so teaching may become an informal sector job. The job may pay in barter—housing, food, doctor and dentistry services—but you'll probably get by. And you might even be able to center the curriculum around ecological values.

8) DOULA OR MIDWIFE

In boom times or bust, women get pregnant. But fewer people will have health insurance, so they will choose to deliver their baby at home. Not a bad development overall, considering the social and environmental costs of the current birth industry—from America's 31 percent caesarean-section rate to continuing overuse of formula. Both jobs are relatively secure but do require some training.

7) SMALL-SCALE FARMER

Not just crops in your front lawn or in the abandoned parking lot on your street, but raising small livestock—rabbits, chickens, guinea pigs and, most importantly, bugs. Shepherding thousands of crickets or mealworms to exchange with your neighbors will provide a good form of barter currency. This isn't an easy life, especially in a climate-disrupted future, but will be an important part of a robust economic foundation for any family.

6) ARTISAN

In the post-consumer era, gone are the days of buying a new T-shirt or chair for $5 at the local Walmart. Most people will be back to wearing clothes until they're just fabric, and making chairs out of scavenged milk crates. Local artisans will once again make things their neighbors need. The life of the artisan will be pretty secure, since you'll only be making stuff your community really needs; and satisfying too—as you create something beautiful with your own hands. E. F. Schumacher would be proud.

5) TRASH MINER

Long hours going through a mix of food waste, baby and pet crap, toxic household chemical residues, and the occasional valuable scrap of metal–it's not easy or even all that safe. But you'll be cleaning up decimated landfill sites and providing higher quality materials than are left in most remaining mines, making this both a green and well-paid job.

4) DEATH MIDWIFE

As systems breakdown, more people are going to die. And few will be able to afford today's "traditional" funeral that costs consumers an average of $10,000. More people will choose to bury their loved ones at home without any of the toxic trappings—casket, embalming fluid, plastic vault, and so on. Being a trained Death Midwife to help families cope, and to navigate the legal hurdles of burying their loved ones naturally, will be a rewarding and useful career path.

3) URBAN FORAGER

You ain't gonna get rich collecting pounds of acorns, black walnuts and dandelion greens, but no matter how bad it gets you'll have an inside track on surviving. Most people don't know how to process acorns to make them edible. While they are queuing up to buy the few loaves of bread available at the supermarket, you'll be making acorn flour pancakes and feeling comfortably full on meal that is higher in nutrients.

2) ECO-PREACHER

Foundations may no longer be issuing grants but donations to church communities continue in good times and bad—as these institutions provide community security and emotional support. If the environmental movement were to evolve to focus more on building local fellowship, providing basic social services—daycare, economic aid, free clinics, garden plots—and use these efforts to spread an ecological philosophy, perhaps they'd find the resources necessary to continue their essential work, and more importantly, over the course of the ecological transition help spread a new eco-centric culture that could help provide a more sustainable model for life on a hot planet.

1) POLITICAL REVOLUTIONARY

You might have considered this when you had a comfortable salary to support the efforts, but when you had that comfortable salary, the risks probably didn't seem worth it. Now that Earth's systems are rapidly unraveling and a corrupt nexus of corporations and governments continue to dig out fossil fuels from a warming Earth, perhaps it's time to consider more radical strategies. Maybe join up with a few other jobless friends, squat in an empty house in Detroit, write a manifesto, and build a new political party while doing a bit of urban farming? Or even better, run for office and try to recapture the political system for the 99%. It's not an easy lifestyle but it may pay off in the long-run.

The root cause of financial collapse is usury. It may at first seem hopefully naive and idealistic to look at the problem of global financial collapse from what you might assume to be a moralistic and religious angle, but we will find that term is both relevant and precise. Usury—the lending of money at interest—is forbidden in the Bible, is forbidden in Islam and has been forbidden or constrained for long stretches of history. It was, for instance, banned in England since the earliest times. In the thirteenth century, Henry III confiscated usurers' possessions, then turned the usurers over to the Duke of Cornwall for flaying or disemboweling. In the fourteenth century, Edward III enacted a law that made usury a capital crime. Two centuries later, Henry VIII granted an exception for loans made at less than 10 percent interest; loans made at lower rates were not collectable by law, but the note-holder was not beheaded. This exception proved to be temporary, as Mary I, who came along thereafter, maintained a strict "Off with their heads!" policy when it came to usurers. And so it went, on and off, until 1694, when William and Mary II entered into a contract to secure a permanent loan and pledged the kingdom to pay interest on it forever. The law of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, which limited the rate of interest, remained in effect until 1854, when all the usury laws were repealed. In 2011, according to a House of Commons report, the financial sector, contributed 9.4 percent of the "gross value added" in the UK economy, which is still thought to be growing at a fraction of a percent—though if the financial sector's contribution were subtracted rather than added, as I believe it should be, the economy would be shrinking.

We may detest this state of affairs as much as we like, but there is precious little we can do to change it. On the contrary, we have become dependent on global finance, which is based on fiat currencies (ones unsupported by any traditional, fixed store of value such as gold, silver or land) that are loaned into existence by banks, at interest. Our savings, our pensions, the government services that keep us safe, the planting of crops for the food we eat, the financing of international trade for the imported goods on which we depend—all of these would perish if lending at interest were to cease, making the elimination of usury an act of suicide for any Western nation.

Clearly, from a moral perspective, usury does not have a leg to stand on. But moral considerations may be unjustified altogether, and usury best viewed as a form of systemic, institutionalized violence. The best way to look at lending at interest is a form of extortion: whenever you have two groups, one that has all the money and another that has none but needs money to live, the former can extort payment from the latter for temporary use of the money. Just as with any racket, the lender's goal is to turn an episode of extortion into an arrangement of permanent tribute, by ensuring the borrower in perpetual debt that can never be repaid and making him the lender's indentured servant. —Dmitri Orlov

Rich man never go to heaven

The Misers, Follower of Marinus van Reymerswaele

March 20, 2018

Folhapress

Brazilian youth storm into a major bank with sticks, bricks and screwdrivers. They smash all of the ATMs. While teachers protest for an education system that matters, the students are on the frontlines dismantling the doomsday infrastructure one cash machine at a time.

Occupy is dead? What the hell are you talking about? It's only dead for you. And if it can die in your heart, then chances are it was never there in the first place. I know, deep down ... I know. I can feel it ... I can see it ... smell it ... taste it ... know it. The next fissure is only a spark away.

BOYUN EĞME
TÖPG
MOR GABRIEL'E DOKUNMA!
GENÇLİK DEVRİM İSTİYOR
HALK CEPHESİ
Geliyoruz Zincirleri Kıra Kıra!
Özgürlükçü Gençlik Derneği
kes sesini tayyip!
Sendikalar göreve GENEL GREVE
Devrimci İşçi Partisi
EMEK PARTİSİ
Alınteri
Ya ADALET Ya KIYAMET!
Sosyalist Dayanışma Platformu
BARBARA HERALDE BARBARA
TAYYIP DIYE İSİMMİ OLUR AMK
Özgür Bir Dünya İçin

General Assembly
GA/11434

3 October 2015

Department of Public Information • News and Media Division • New York

Ninety-third General Assembly
Plenary
41st & 42nd Meetings (AM & PM)

The Power to the People Plebiscite Summit (UN–3PS) was held from September 17th to September 23rd, 2015 at the United Nations Headquarters in New York. One hundred and forty nine Heads of State and Government attended with high-ranking officials from over 40 other countries.

Leaders declared that their central challenge is the threat of ecological collapse. They mandated that the primary agenda for the UN General Assembly henceforth be climate change adaptation and environmental remediation, under the condition of transparent governance. The Summit also called for a binding global plebiscite on global policies and measures, corresponding to the needs of the global majority.

The unanimously-adopted UN–3PS document contains the five most pressing questions for the international agenda in the twenty-first century.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE PLEBISCITE

1) Do you support a 50% worldwide reduction of anthropogenic GHGs over the next ten years, affecting all countries rated below 100 on the Human Development Index?

Yes. No.

2) Do you support the immediate closure of all global tax havens?

Yes. No.

3) Do you support a 24-hour rule on all financial transactions, requiring owners to hold onto any stocks for 24-hours before re-trading?

Yes. No.

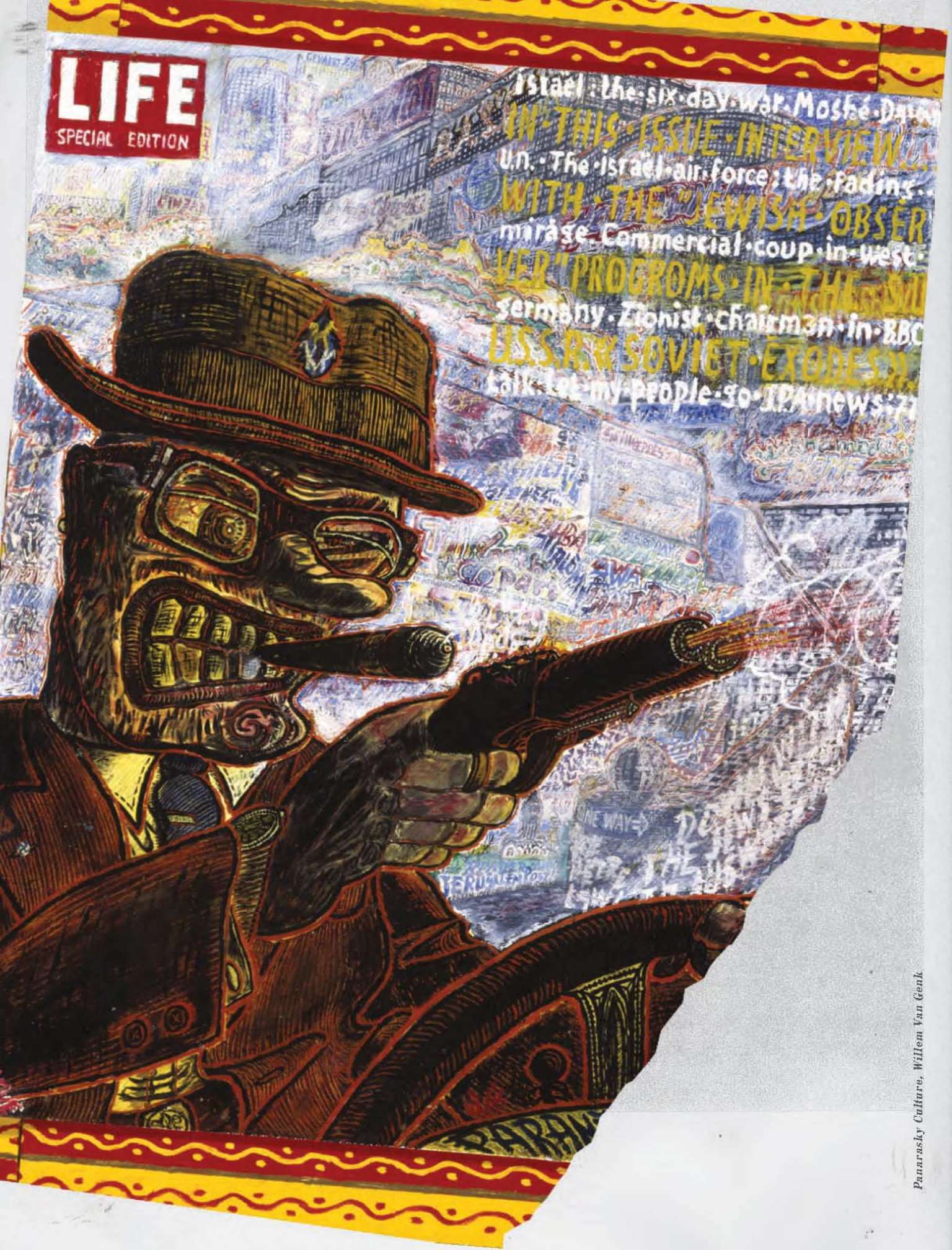
4) Do you support the restructuring of the United Nations Security Council to reflect existing geopolitical relations?

Yes. No.

5) Do you support an amendment to Article 19 of the Universal Declaration of Human rights?—***Everyone has the right to live in a world without secrets. This right includes freedom from state deception, freedom from corporate misinformation, freedom from financial manipulation and the right to full public disclosure on all matters pertaining to peace, security, ecology and finance.***

Yes. No.

* *** *



Panarasky Culture, Willem Van Genk

2019

YEAR OF THE PIG

Sweeney all in with Border 'Kill Towers'

Gerald Johnson

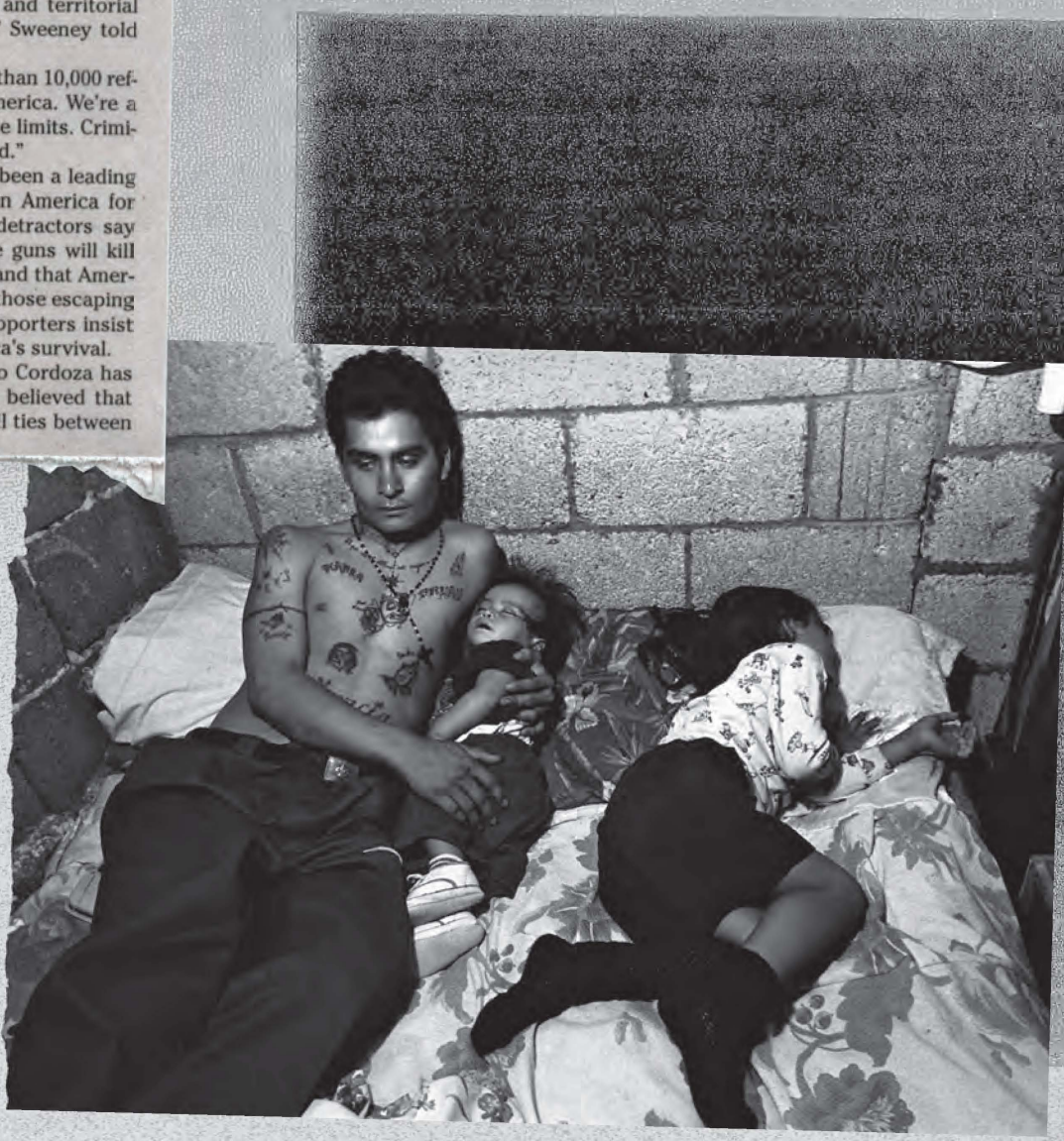
Today President Sweeney announced that the US government is going ahead with its controversial Gatling Wall, the largest security project in American history. He said construction will begin immediately and that the first automated 'Kill Towers' will be operational within ninety days.

"This administration will not stand by while our national security and territorial sovereignty is under siege," Sweeney told reporters in New Mexico.

"Each and every day more than 10,000 refugees cross illegally into America. We're a nation already strained to the limits. Criminals ... you have been warned."

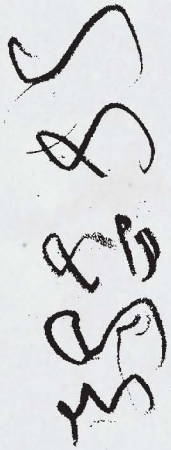
The Gatling Wall plan has been a leading source of political tension in America for the past three years. Wall detractors say that the automated machine guns will kill tens of thousands, or more, and that America has a moral duty to help those escaping flooded Mexican centers. Supporters insist the wall is a matter of America's survival.

Mexican President Santiago Cordoza has yet to respond, though it is believed that the move will officially end all ties between the two former allies.



Unsettled / Desasosiego, Donna De Cesare, University of Texas Press

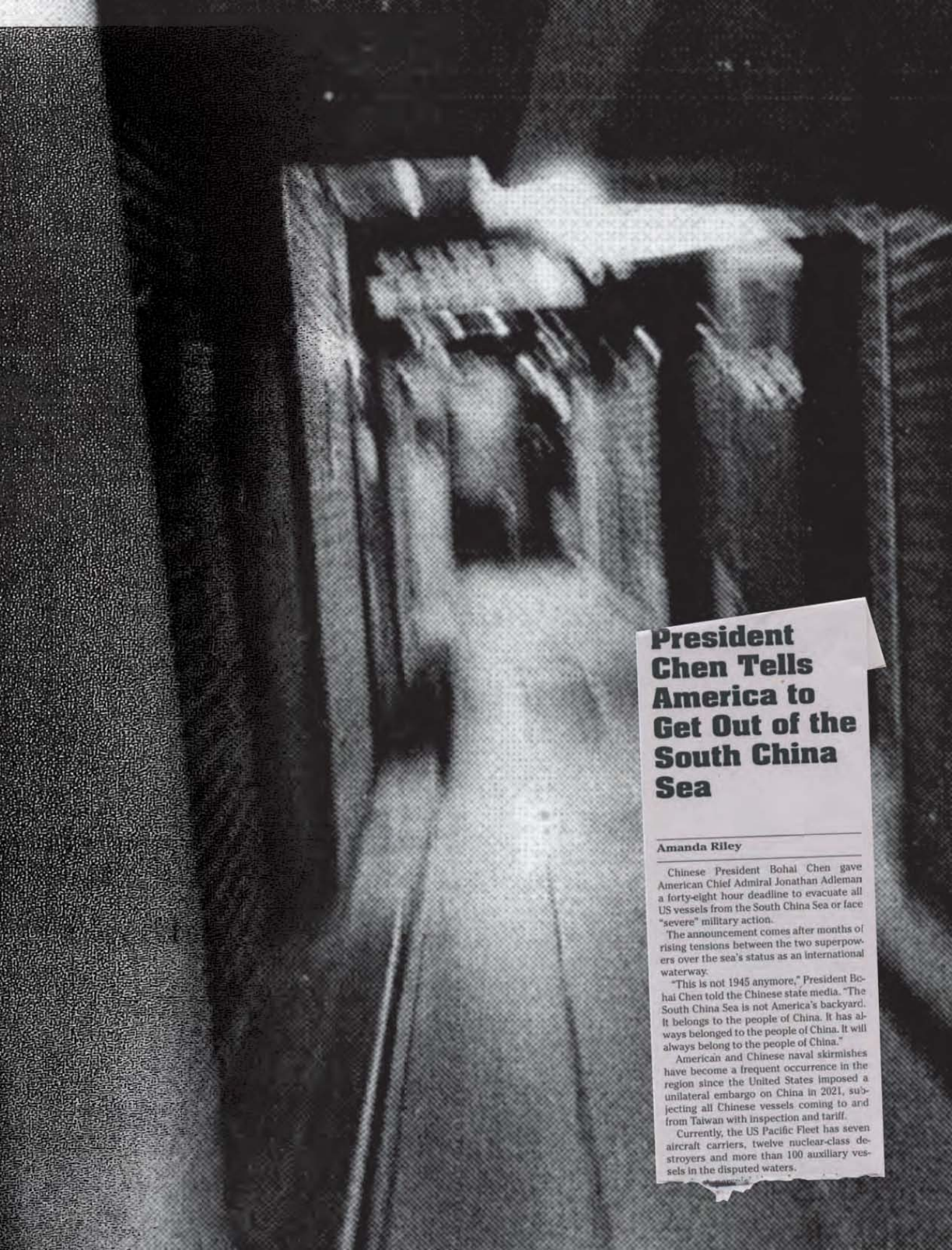
Shamil Zhumativ/Reuters



JULY 3, 2020

Shit ... can't reach our distributor anymore
... our VanCity account is down to zero ...
I was just hoping for some last payments.
Got in my car and went to the office to
see if anything was delivered there.
The highways were all but empty. Stef, Kyle,
Darren, Natalie, Wendee, Jen ... no one
was there ... that's it I guess. Standing
alone in the doorway ... it was like one
of those last-one-to-leave-the-office-
before-the-holidays moments. We had a
lot of good times here. I'd burn it down
out of honor, but I still got a bit of hope
left that something weird and wonderful
could happen. Maybe some reboot switch
somewhere will be magically flicked on.
I left a note and the keys to the crawl space
on my desk in case anyone comes by.

Everyone is hiding indoors waiting to see
what happens next. Like a chess match.
A game of chicken. Listening to the
furnace kick in ... no heat ... I made my
decision. I'm not going to stick around
to see what happens when the stores in
the city run out of stuff. I heard that the
armed forces and the RCMP have set up
perimeters around all the big box stores
... that means the countryside will be bare
and wild. I'll go and try to buy a gun from
that biker guy in Matsqui and then head
off inland ... maybe hook up with Andrew
and the Rainbow people who, last I heard,
were camped somewhere near Osoyoos ...
try my hardest to talk Lillian into coming
with me.



President Chen Tells America to Get Out of the South China Sea

Amanda Riley

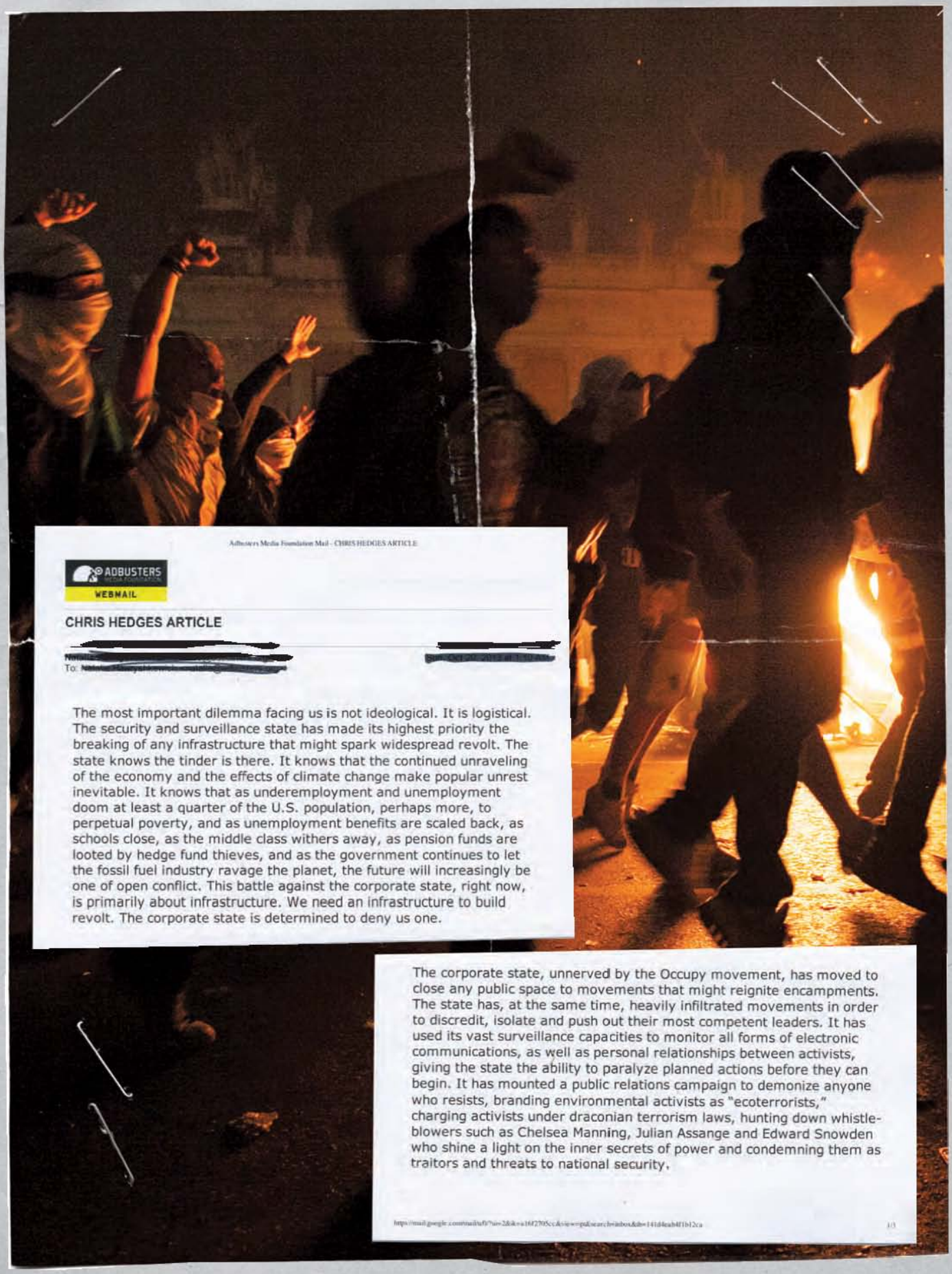
Chinese President Bohai Chen gave American Chief Admiral Jonathan Adleman a forty-eight hour deadline to evacuate all US vessels from the South China Sea or face "severe" military action.

The announcement comes after months of rising tensions between the two superpowers over the sea's status as an international waterway.

"This is not 1945 anymore," President Bohai Chen told the Chinese state media. "The South China Sea is not America's backyard. It belongs to the people of China. It has always belonged to the people of China. It will always belong to the people of China."

American and Chinese naval skirmishes have become a frequent occurrence in the region since the United States imposed a unilateral embargo on China in 2021, subjecting all Chinese vessels coming to and from Taiwan with inspection and tariff.

Currently, the US Pacific Fleet has seven aircraft carriers, twelve nuclear-class destroyers and more than 100 auxiliary vessels in the disputed waters.



Adbusters Media Foundation Mail - CHRIS HEDGES ARTICLE

ADBUSTERS MEDIA FOUNDATION

WEBMAIL

CHRIS HEDGES ARTICLE

[redacted]

To: [redacted]

The most important dilemma facing us is not ideological. It is logistical. The security and surveillance state has made its highest priority the breaking of any infrastructure that might spark widespread revolt. The state knows the tinder is there. It knows that the continued unraveling of the economy and the effects of climate change make popular unrest inevitable. It knows that as underemployment and unemployment doom at least a quarter of the U.S. population, perhaps more, to perpetual poverty, and as unemployment benefits are scaled back, as schools close, as the middle class withers away, as pension funds are looted by hedge fund thieves, and as the government continues to let the fossil fuel industry ravage the planet, the future will increasingly be one of open conflict. This battle against the corporate state, right now, is primarily about infrastructure. We need an infrastructure to build revolt. The corporate state is determined to deny us one.

The corporate state, unnerved by the Occupy movement, has moved to close any public space to movements that might reignite encampments. The state has, at the same time, heavily infiltrated movements in order to discredit, isolate and push out their most competent leaders. It has used its vast surveillance capacities to monitor all forms of electronic communications, as well as personal relationships between activists, giving the state the ability to paralyze planned actions before they can begin. It has mounted a public relations campaign to demonize anyone who resists, branding environmental activists as "ecoterrorists," charging activists under draconian terrorism laws, hunting down whistle-blowers such as Chelsea Manning, Julian Assange and Edward Snowden who shine a light on the inner secrets of power and condemning them as traitors and threats to national security.

https://mail.google.com/mail/u/0/?ui=2&ik=a16f270Scc&view=pt&search=inbox&th=141d4eab4f1b12ca 1/3

Protesters in front of Parliament – Rio de Janeiro (2013), Michel De Souza

Occupy articulated the concerns of the majority of citizens. Most of the citizenry detests Wall Street and big banks. It does not want more wars. It needs jobs. It is disgusted with the subservience of elected officials to corporate power. It wants universal health care. It worries that if the fossil fuel industry is not stopped, there will be no future for our children. And the state is using all its power to stymie any movement that expresses these concerns. Documents released under the Freedom of Information Act show Homeland Security, the FBI, the Federal Protective Service, the Park Service and most likely the NSA and the CIA (the latter two have refused to respond to FOIA requests) worked with police across the country to infiltrate and destroy the encampments. There were 7,765 arrests of people in the movement. Occupy, at its peak, had about 350,000 people—or about 0.1 percent of the U.S. population.

"Look how afraid the power structure was of a mere 1/10th of 1 percent of the population," says Freedom Plaza Occupier, Kevin Zeese. "What happens when the movement grows to 1 percent—not a far reach—or the 5 percent that some research shows is the tipping point where no government, dictatorship or democracy can withstand the pressure from below?"

Photo by Poster Boy NYC (CC-BY)
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Chris Hedges

Adbusters #186

We told you so!

1989 ~ 2021

The "We Told You So" cover in 2021 was our final hurrah. But it was pyrrhic. The type of battle you win but at too great of a cost. Yes, we got to have our righteous moment ... a final "fuck-you" to all of our enemies, but we were just a bunch of editors, writers and designers on the nose of the Titanic. Turns out it wasn't enough to see the problem — you also had to show people a way out ... a way to deal with the emotions that surface.

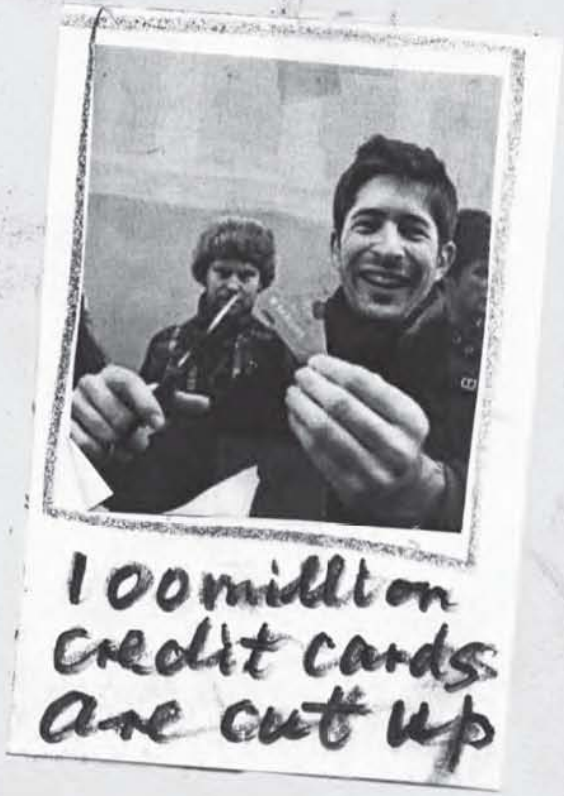
In the early days we did a lot of that. We launched the Media Carta campaign, TV Turn-Off week, which morphed into Digital Detox week, and we filed lawsuits against mega media corporations who refused to sell us airtime for our subvertisements. We even won a few cases, which opened the airwaves for other activists groups to do the same. The *First Thing's First Manifesto*, which called for the production of a new kind of meaning, got some traction. A few designers quit their cozy corporate boardroom jobs making junky condos look hip and the Gap cool. It fizzled when the rent needed to be paid. Too idealistic, I guess.

BUY NOTHING DAY

PARTICIPATE BY NOT PARTICIPATING

Our best swipe at the dominant culture was either Buy Nothing Day, which went viral in over sixty countries, or else our grandiose attempt to shift the theoretical foundations of economic science with our book *Meme Wars*. Our dream of getting it used as a textbook at Harvard never materialized, but we did have the pleasure of calling Professor Gregory Mankiw an "Old Goat" and got students to walk out of his class en masse. I know that gave some people at the Heritage Foundation some good giggles.

We also started selling Blackspot shoes in the early 2000s. But this pissed off as many people as it pleased. It wasn't anarchist enough for the Black Bloc. It reeked of "green capitalism" to the Marxists. Professor-types said it was hypocritical, that you can't critique capitalism out of one side of your mouth and make money out of the other. But the part that they never got was that it wasn't about making money ... it was about trying to get the world to recalibrate their tastes, to accept indie as cool instead of Nike and all the other big name megacorps who were colonizing every aspect of our lives. But Nike kept going strong till the bitter end. Pissed us right off.

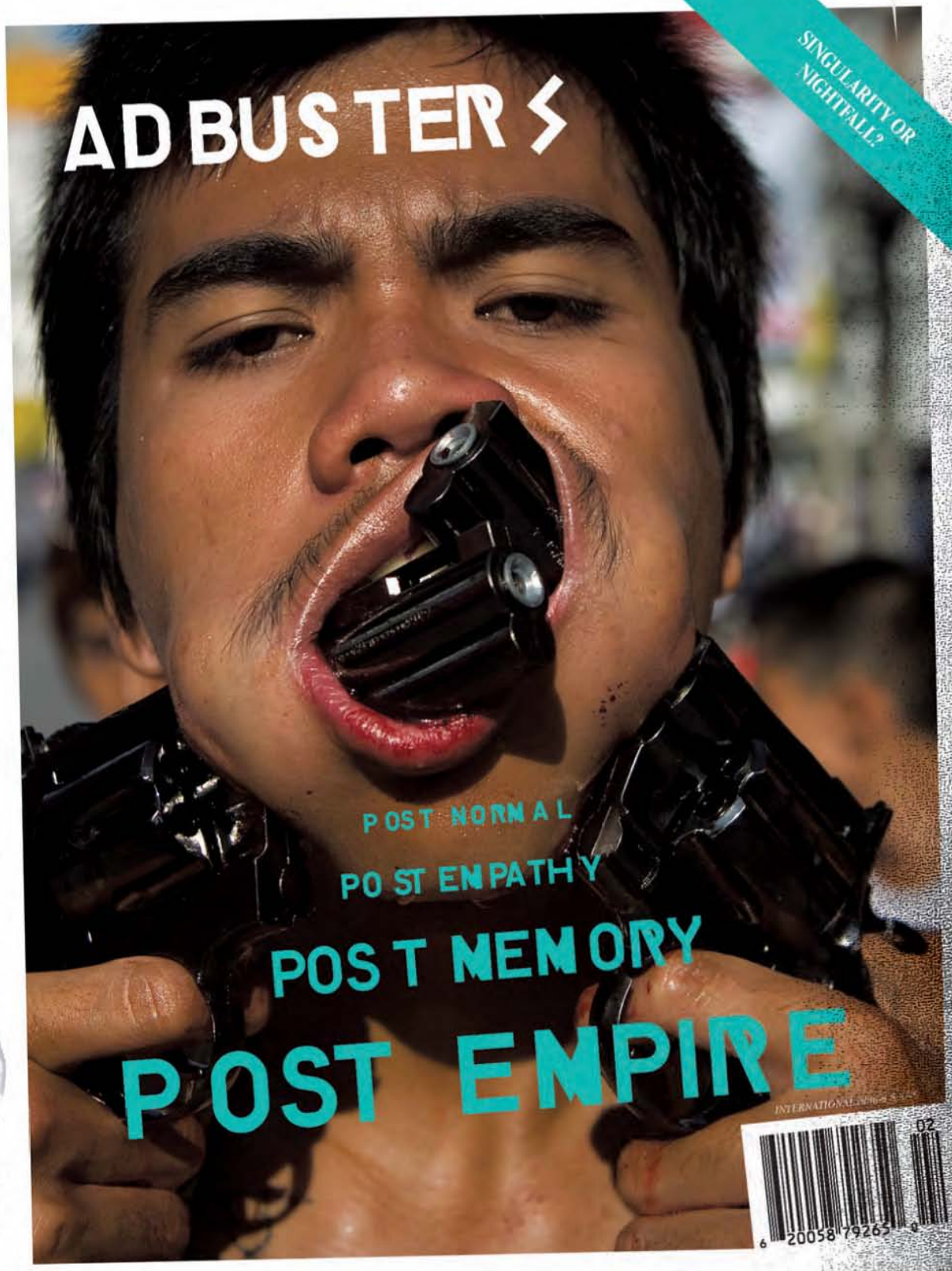


We will strike by smashing the postmodern hall of mirrors and redefining what it means to be alive. We will reframe the battle in the grandest terms. The old political battles that have consumed humankind during most of the 20th century — black vs. white, Left vs. Right, male vs. female — will fade into the background. The only battle still worth fighting and winning, the only one that can set us free, is The People vs. The Corporate Cool Machine.

As we got more political, things changed. Of course, the magazine was always political, but then we got *really* political — calling out popular presidents, going after the state of Israel for its arrogant brutality, dubbing economists "logic freaks," accusing graphic designers of kissing corporate ass and jilting the consumer with increasingly ad hominem attacks — yeah, we lost a lot of readers then. Seeing *Adbusters* on the shelf at the grocery store became an invitation to a giant guilt trip, sandwiched in between some far-out philosophy, anarchist bravado, apocalyptic imagery and existential angst. Nobody wanted that anymore.

They couldn't handle it.

highly charged zones of symbolic contention



ADBUSTERS · JOURNAL OF THE MENTAL ENVIRONMENT
POST NORMAL
MARCH/APRIL 2011
NUMBER 2

Looking back on it all now with the wisdom of hindsight, [illegible] I think the reason we were never able to get any real traction and turn the world around was probably because we were just too negative. Everything we did had an anti feel to it ... even our name, *Adbusters*— what does that actually convey? Pushing back against ads, busting ads as if advertising is this huge dominant force and we are the little army of ad-busters nipping at its heels? And "culture jamming," what was that all about, really? Just jabbing against the mainstream consumer culture instead of using all of that angst to create a culture of our own.

... it's so obvious now ... it was that endless finger pointing at all the horrible things that the corporations and governments and mass media were doing ... that stench of reactionary negativity about everything we lefties did is what made us so ineffective. We used to get calls and invitations almost daily, people asking to join this or that cause, partner with some campaign. Mostly we were spread too thin to jump. But some of it was our ego as well. We thought we had it all.

incessant technical renewal
integrated spectacle
generalized secrecy
unanswerable lies
an eternal present
— Guy Debord

ADBUSTERS

#GOLDMAN

UK

£5.00
March/April 2013
Vol.21 No.2
Display until
April 26, 2013

NO FUTURE

The dwindling faithful kept reading and subscribing of course, but I think they did this more out of loyalty and respect ... nostalgia. Maybe for those last few subscribers, our dark side, even our apocalypticism, was a kind of soothing relief from all the lies and denial — you could always count on *Adbusters* to tell it how it is five years before anybody else. We never sold out, even though some people say we did. We managed to stay ad-free and fiercely independent until the last run. It was only at the bitter end, when things were really starting to fall apart, that we finally woke up and launched some wildly successful memes into the noosphere like Occupy Wall Street, Kick It Over and the open-source, real world #KILLCAP game which at its peak got almost one billion people mobilized and into the streets ... but by then, of course, it was too late. The center was already giving way. And now we are here, with nothing left to say except "we told you so."

ADBUSTERS #186

OUR LAST MASTHEAD

EDITORIAL: Kalle Lasn, Darren Fleet, Stefanie Krasnow, Kyle Robertson

CONTRIBUTORS: Andrew Mills, Dmitri Orlov, Clive Hamilton, Erik Assadourian

VISIONARY: Pedro Inoue

ART DEPARTMENT: Natalie Hawryshkewich, Leah McInnis

WEB MASTER: Abdul Rehman Khewar

INTERNET PPL: Kyle Robertson, Karim Ratib, Jeremy Teale

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Wendee Lang

OFFICE MANAGER: Jen Brady

BLACKSPOT: Nicola Carbonneau

ADBUSTERS EN ESPAÑOL: David Leal Garcia, César González, Barbara Matthews, Christian Filip

VOLUNTEER CREW: Kevin Estrada, Mike Rae, Allison Thompson, Sasha Lakic, Shaun Friesen, Elisabeth Hope, Spencer McKay

LIFERS: Doug Tompkins, Rob Halper

PUBLISHERS: Kalle Lasn, Bill Schmalz

NEWSSTAND SERVICES: Coast to Coast

PRINTING: Quad Graphics

EMAIL: editor@adbusters.org
artdirector@adbusters.org
campaigns@adbusters.org
subscriptions@adbusters.org

TELEPHONE
tel: (604) 736-9401
toll-free: (800) 663-1243
[If our phones get cut off please email!]

POST
1243 West 7th Avenue, Vancouver,
British Columbia, V6H 1B7 Canada
[TBA OSOYOOS ADDRESS]

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Goldman Sachs offices ransacked

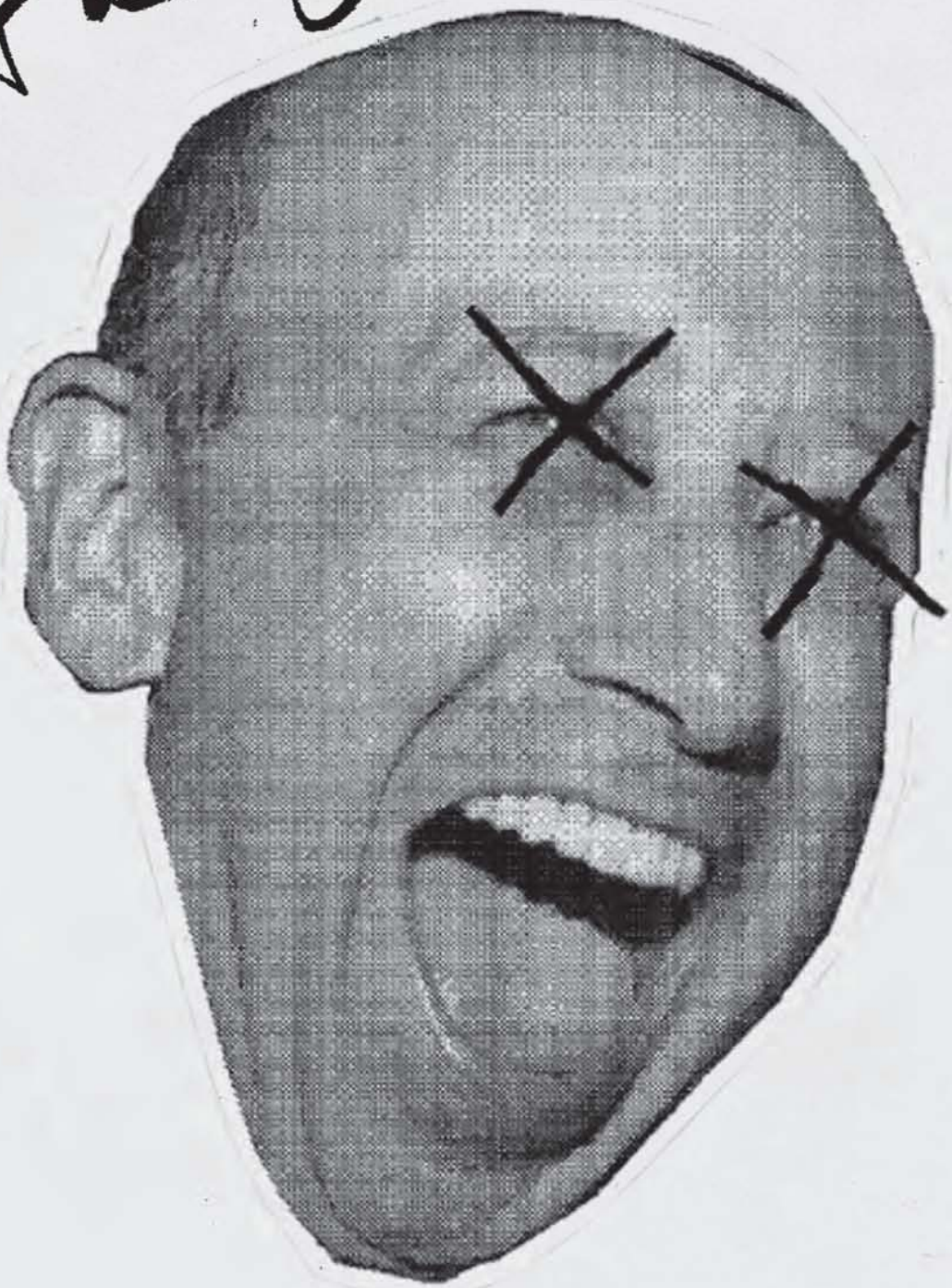
Assiz Rehman

The global headquarters of former financial giant Goldman Sachs were ransacked and burned by protesters in New York yesterday as more than two dozen police looked on.

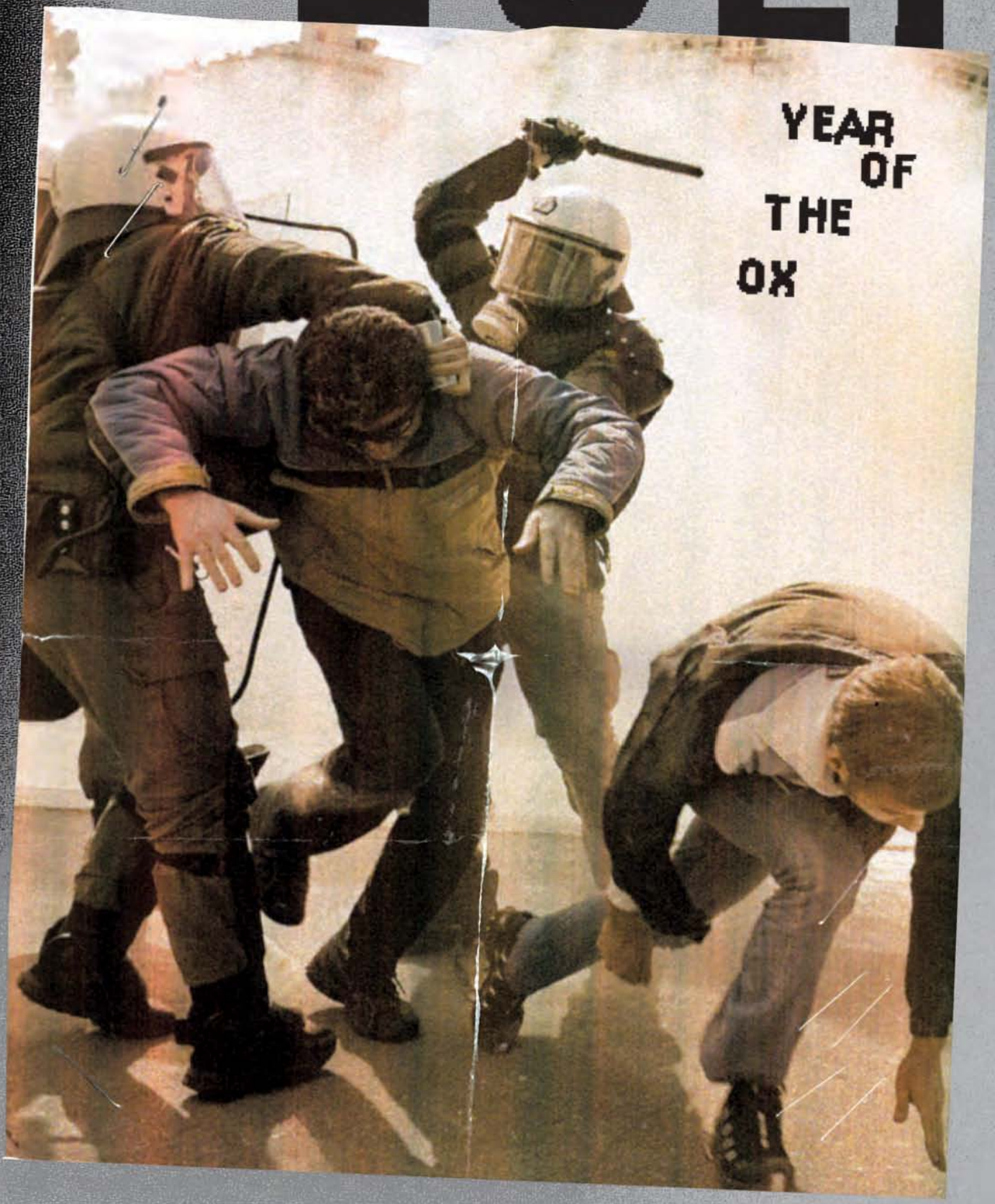
The attack is the third in as many weeks. Protesters are demanding that fugitive CEO Lloyd Blankfein be brought to justice.

[redacted]

the Jolber



2021



JANUARY 1

This year has a darkness about it . . . a deep mental funk has set in. This experiment of ours on planet Earth has finally reached some kind of apogee. The dream of never ending progress, of successive generations always being better off, of technology and innovation somehow keeping the ball rolling forever, is finito!

THE GOD OF GROWTH IS DEAD...

and now all the norms, axioms and taboos of the old world must be conjured up anew. The great unraveling is upon us.

JANUARY 3

THE WHOLE WORLD HAS BECOME A PANOPTICON ...

all eight billion of us have been recruited into the all seeing capitalist algorithm. There's nowhere left to hide.

JAN 14

Anxiety, mood disorders, depression . . . mental illness has now grown into a bigger pandemic than alzheimers and dementia. Japanese government is encouraging people with terminal diseases to choose suicide.

FEBRUARY 1

A mad dash to stop the slide . . . flash trading banned, 24 hour rule on stock trades passed, 3% Robin Hood Tax adopted, billions now flowing into newly energized UN.

And maybe the True-Cost Party of America will win in 2024!

Here's hoping.

SEPTEMBER 17

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS

DESCENDED ON WASHINGTON AND STORMED CAPITOL HILL THIS MORNING.

WALL STREET IS GOING COOKOO.

A WORTHY 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF OCCUPY.

Resonanzgeflechte, Ute Klein

30 SEPTEMBER

BEIJING IS UNILATERALLY SHOOTING MILLIONS OF TONS OF PARTICULATE SULPHUR INTO THE ATMOSPHERE, TURNING THE HORIZON GREY, COOLING THE EARTH. HOWLS OF ANGER FROM THE USUAL SUSPECTS, BUT MANY OTHERS ARE THANKING CHINA FOR FINALLY BREAKING THE GORDIAN KNOT.

OCT 22

BIGGEST TWEET OF ALL TIME...

INDIAN PHILOSOPHER RAMJIT SINGH ELECTRIFIES THE WORLD WITH THE SLOGAN:

THERE WILL BE ONE WORLD OR NO WORLD.

NOVEMBER 13

RELIGIOUS CULTS POPPING UP EVERYWHERE... DOZENS OF CHARISMATIC CHARACTERS AROUND THE WORLD CLAIM TO BE THE NEW MESSIAH... PHILOSOPHER JOHN WOO WARNS OF A SPIRITUAL TIPPING POINT.

DECEMBER 24

PAKISTAN PREEMPTIVELY NUKED INDIA TODAY...

THE WHOLE WORLD IS HOLDING ITS BREATH.

Brouillard, Marten Tonnis

here it comes

ppm hit 600 today ...
scientists predict 9 degrees . . .
no hope left . . .
wild parties everywhere . . .
the weak hide away

2022

year of the tiger

虎

Solar Eclipse, Harald Haugan

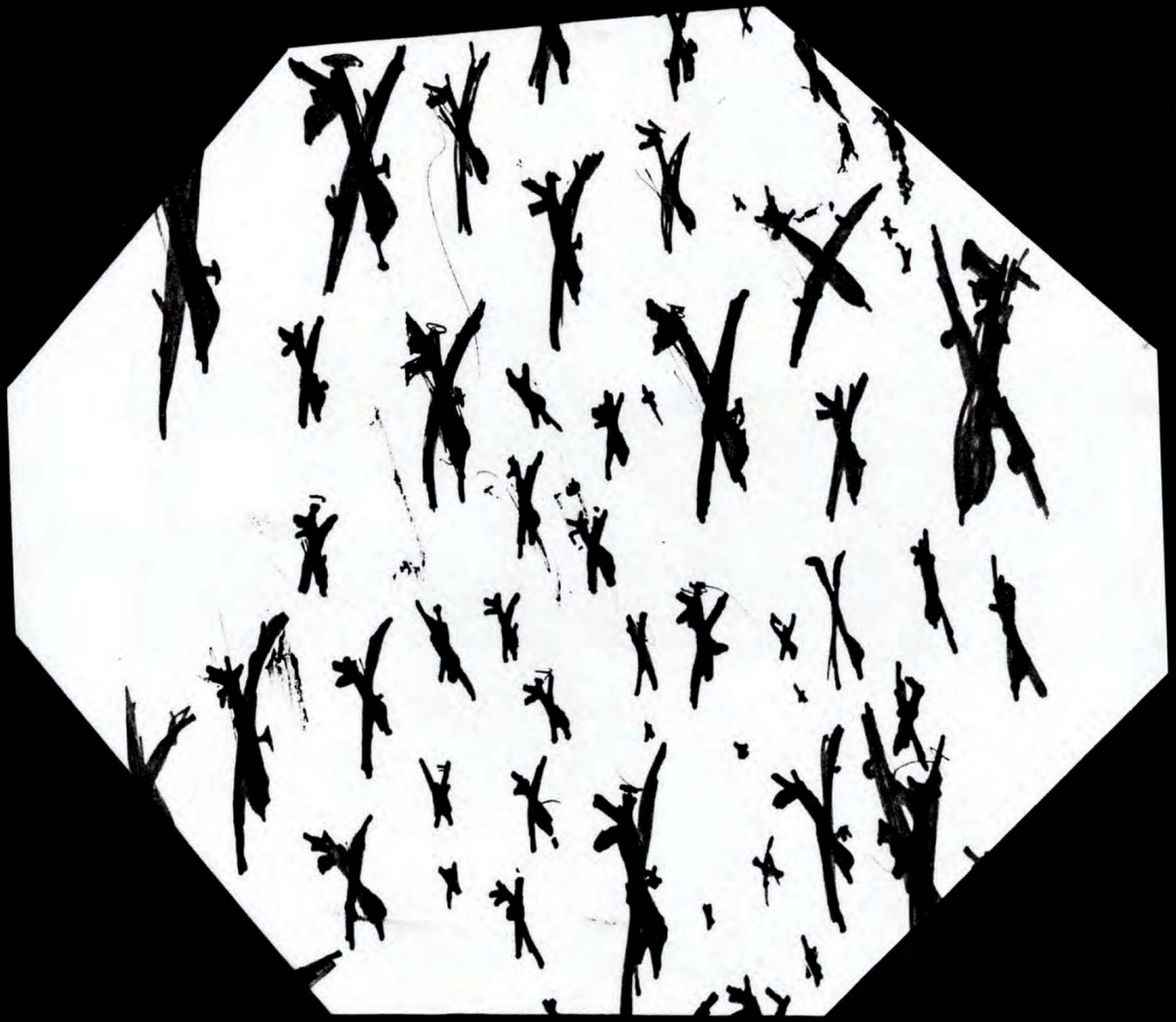
July 19

Most evenings they skim low on the skyline ... overtop malls, corporate headquarters, public monuments, highways. Soft targets. Sometimes they strike, exploding on im pact ... kamikaze style ... other times they just swoop and dive ... sending us scattering ... toying with our minds. They come in the early morning, too. We're always on edge.

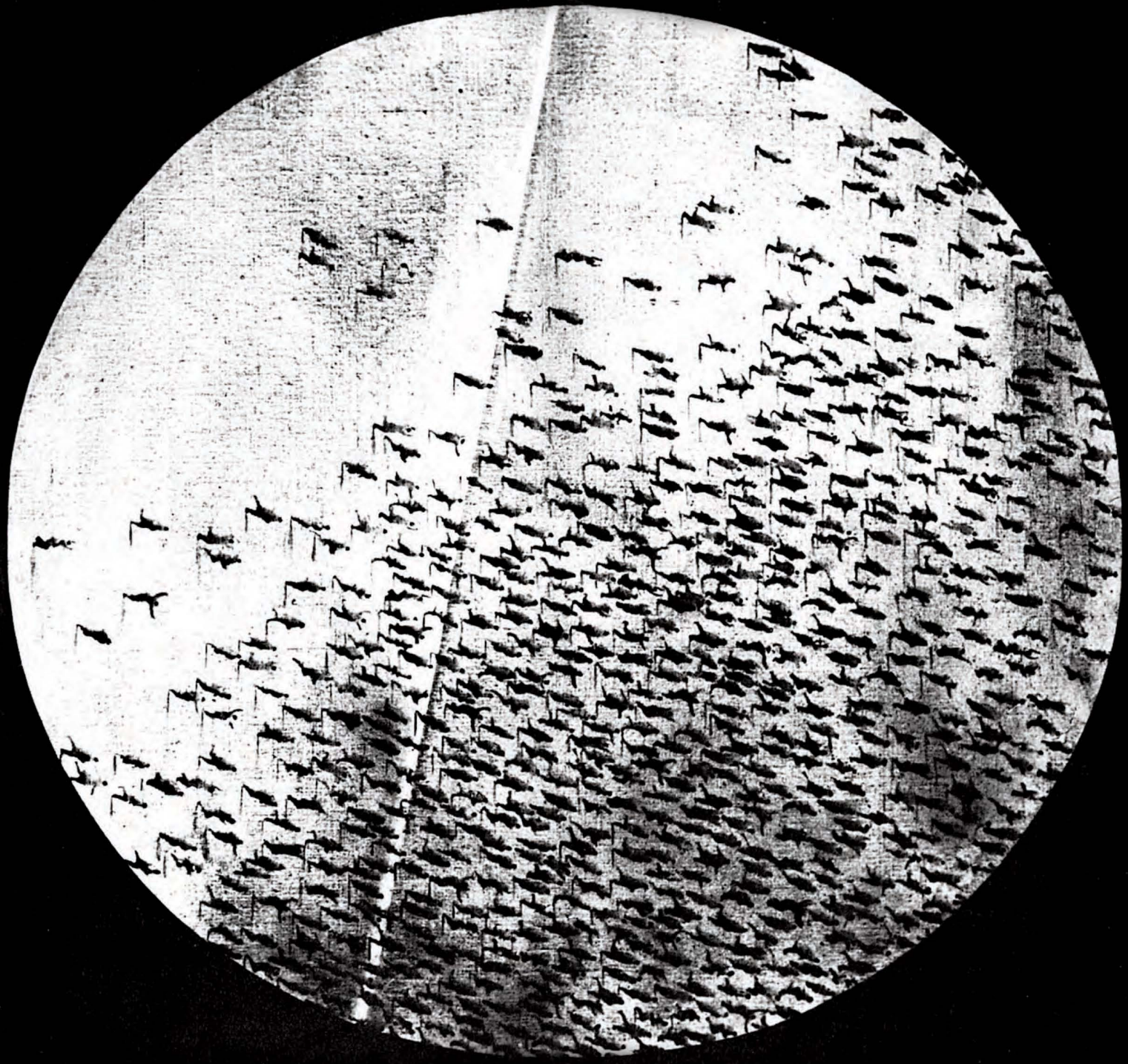
These small, portable DIY drones turned the tables on the War on Terror for good. We should've seen it coming ... only a matter of time. Stupid of us to think they wouldn't hack it somehow ... subvert it. Cheap to make. Easy to build. Easy to smuggle. Fuckin' brilliant. They come like a shadow out of the corner of your eye. You turn your head quickly but you miss it. You jerk your head in the other direction. You think you see it again. Nothing there. Then suddenly it's on top of you. Buzzing like a large fly.

For a few years, we were able to shoot most of them down, but then they started coming in so low and in such numbers that nothing could intercept them. Now most of the government buildings in Washington are empty. Same in Paris, London, Ottawa, Tel Aviv. We tried electronic domes to keep them out. But then the terrorists started building them inside the perimeter ... bypassing the scramble field. Now they appear randomly every day. They usually choose Friday for coordinated attacks ... learning our defense systems ... how we organize. They'll switch that up any day now. Terror Tuesdays or something like that.

It's like Coetzee's Waiting for the Barbarians. When I read it in school I thought it was just a gripping metaphor for a mythic confrontation. But now I get it ... the civilizational war is already lost ... the barbarians are out there massing at the gate and there is nothing left for us to do but wait, scared shitless, for the final assault. Eventually we'll open the front door for them ... only a few disheveled crazies left. That Coetzee! People have already started praying for the barbarians to get on with it. But they know exactly what they're doing ... they're making us pay a psychic price for everything we did ...



Leah McInnis



Noor Khamis/Reuters

19 August

the rapture

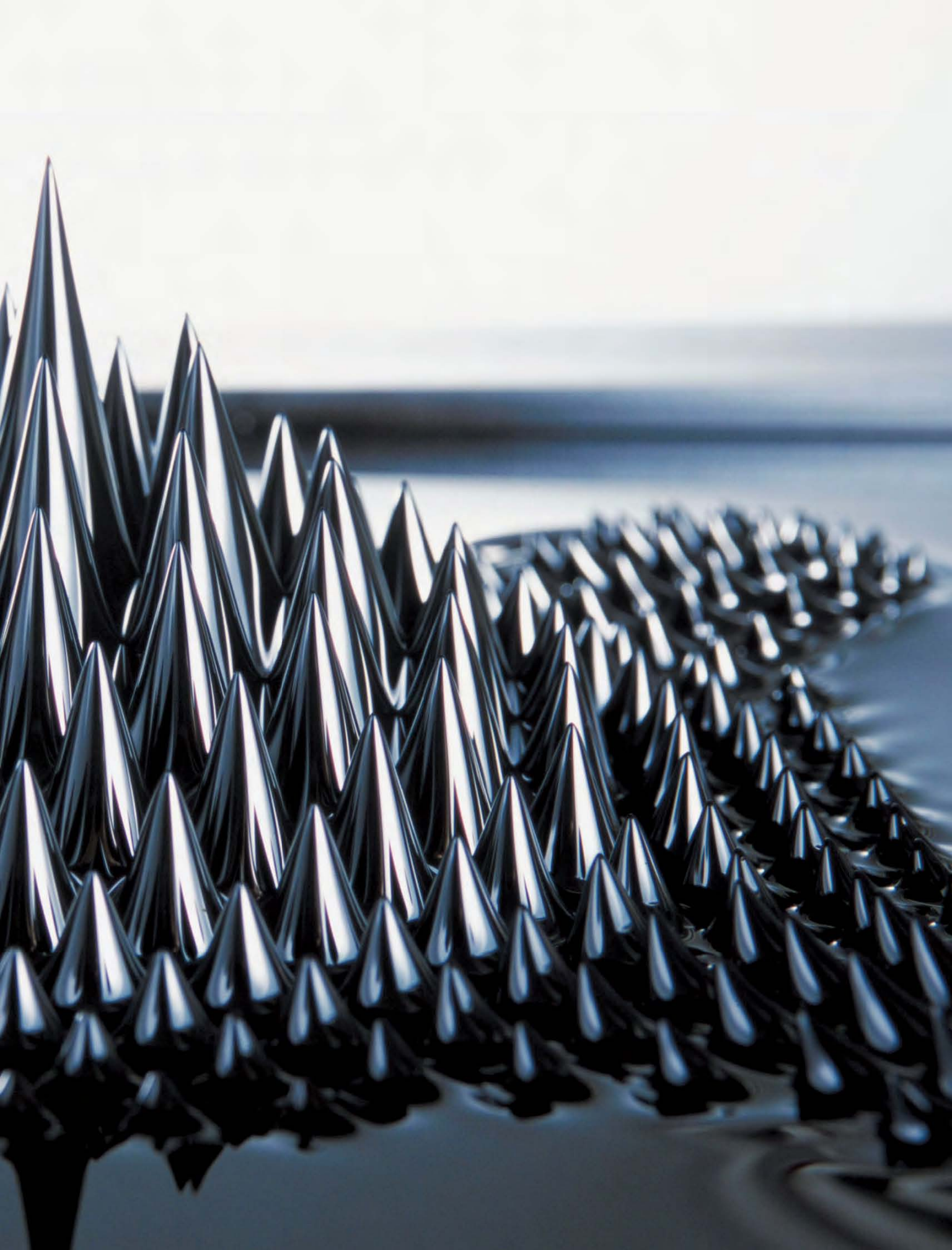
Max Zarrahn

20 August

the center
did not
hold...

Qsana Harvilahti

Protrude, Flow (2001) Sachiko Kodama, Minako Takeno



2023

YEAR OF THE RABBIT

Flore-Ael Surun, surun.rebelle.com

OSOYOOS, JAN 3

NIGHTS ARE DIFFERENT NOW. LILLIAN'S DEEP, EVEN BREATHING IS THE ONLY FORM IN THIS FATHOMLESS QUIET. I'M NOT USED TO IT BEING SO QUIET. NO SLEEP FOR ME. I STAY UP WATCHING FIRES ACROSS THE LAKE. WATCHING TO SEE IF THE WORLD WILL BEGIN AGAIN.

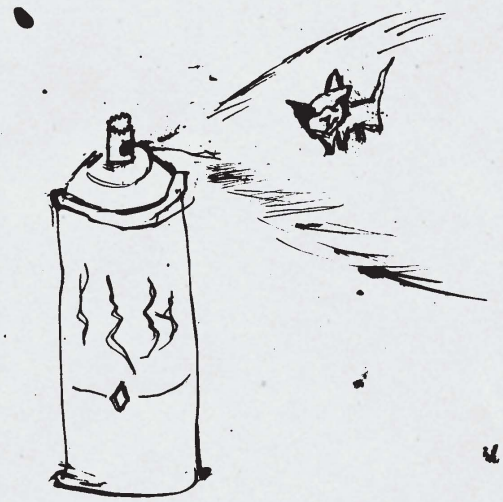
29 JAN

BBC RADIO ... INTERNET UP FOR ONLY A FEW MINUTES HERE AND THERE ... HARD TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED ... WHO GOT HIT THE HARDEST ... HOW MANY DIED ... MAYBE 1 OR 2 BILLION ...

MAYBE MORE?

30 JAN

NUCLEAR WARS RAGING IN THE MIDDLE EAST, PAKISTAN, INDIA ... HORDES POURING INTO EUROPE ... CHINESE PUSHING UP INTO SIBERIA ... JAPAN CLOSED OFF ... AUSTRALIA TAKEN, NO MERCY SHOWN. FOR NOW OSOYOOS FEELS LIKE THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO BE ...



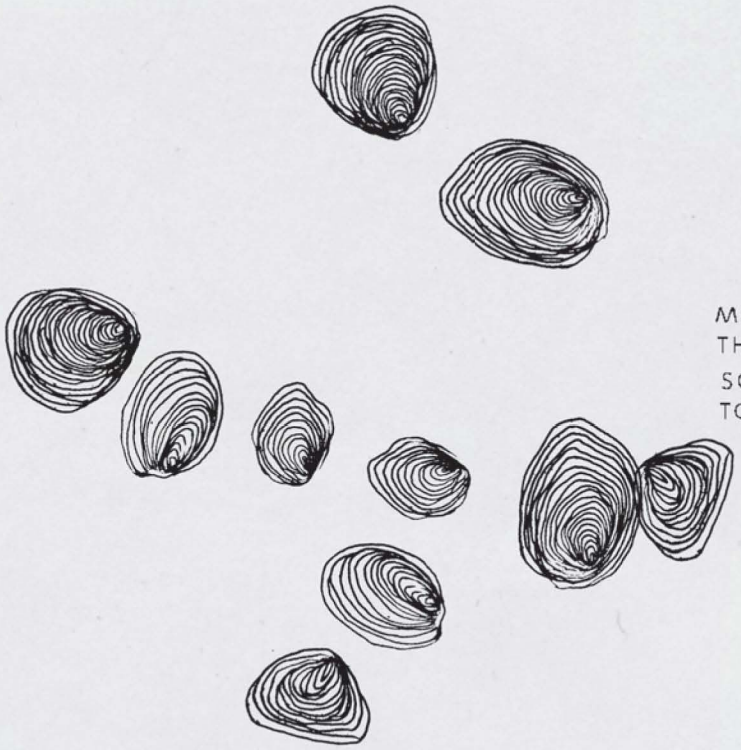
TIP: PRESERVE FOOD USING NATURAL INGREDIENTS. FOR FISH, RUB PLENTY OF SALT INTO IT; FOR VEGETABLES, BOIL THEM IN WATER WITH LEMON OR LIME JUICE. TO MAKE FISH PEMMICAN, SOFTEN COOKED FISH WITH YOUR HANDS, GRATE IT INTO POWDERY PIECES, ADD BERRIES AND OTHER SEASONINGS, ROLL INTO CLUMPS THE SIZE OF GOLF BALLS, THEN LEAVE IN THE SUN TO HARDEN. IT WILL REMAIN EDIBLE FOR YEARS.

Vinca Petersen, www.vinx.co.uk

FEB 17

LIL AND I FINALLY MET UP WITH THE RAINBOW GATHERING FOLK. NOT MUCH RAINBOWNESS ABOUT THEM ANYMORE. THEY WERE DOWN TO THE END OF THEIR SUPPLIES. WHEN THE GRUB GREW SCARCE THE GOOD VIBES ENDED. THINGS GOT CULTISH REAL FAST. I JOSTLED WITH ONE OF THE SUB-LEADERS WHEN MY HANDBAG WENT MISSING. THEY HELD SOME "HEALING" TRIAL THING AFTER THE FIGHT. THEY SAID I HAD THE CHOICE OF APOLOGIZING ... GIVING UP MY BAG ... EVEN THE FEW SMALL THINGS THAT WERE MY MOTHER'S ... BECAUSE "WE ALL HAD TO SHARE" ... OR WE WOULD FACE BANISHMENT. I HAD MY POCKETKNIFE IN MY HAND AND I LET THEM SEE IT WHEN THEY WERE TALKING TO ME.

WE LEFT THE SAME DAY.

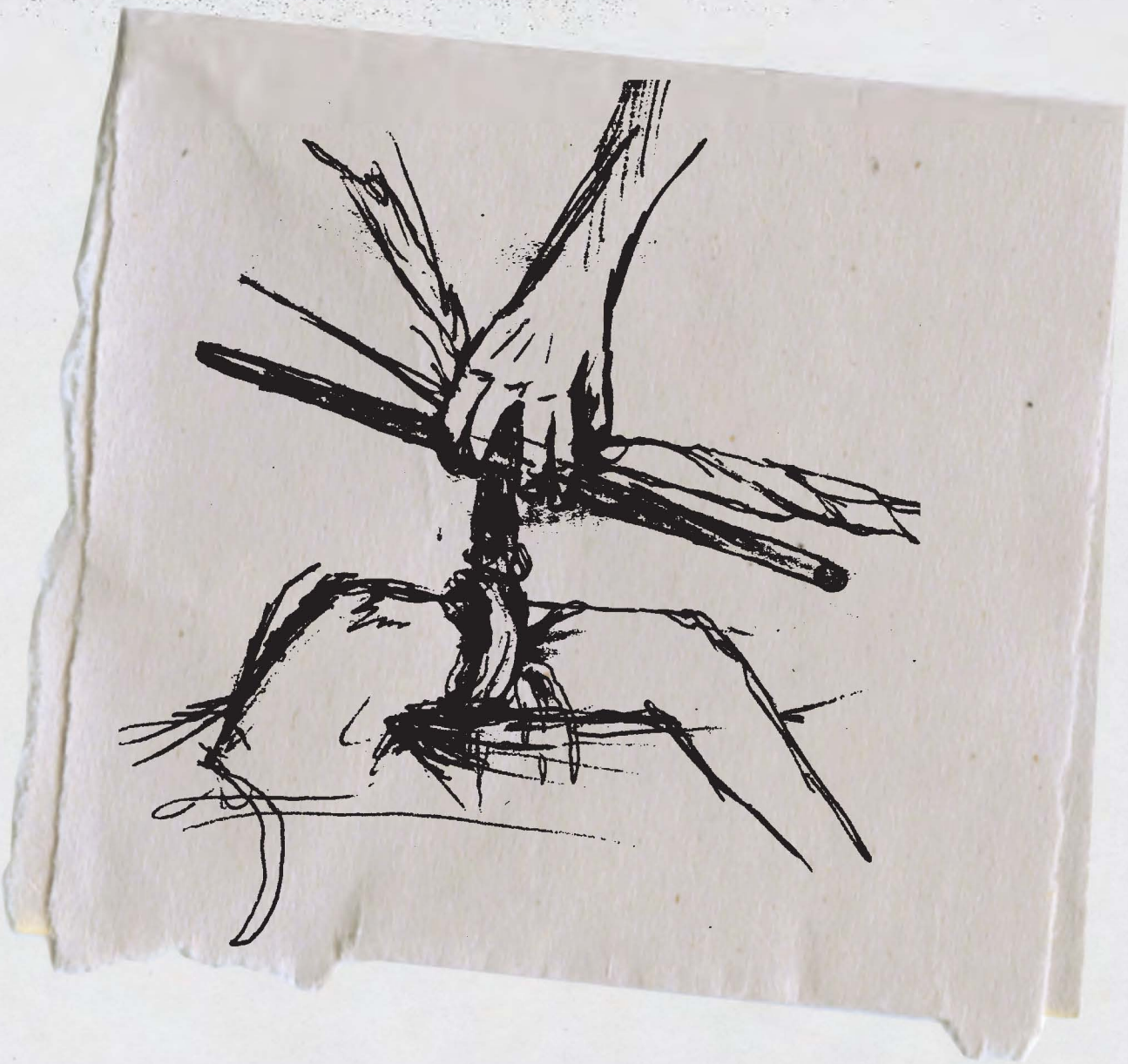


FEB 22

LOTS OF BROKEN PEOPLE. FOLKS WHO CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE THE MODERNITY FROM THEIR BOOTS. THEY'RE IN A LOT OF PAIN. MOST HAVE TROUBLE WORKING THEY STRIKE THE GROUND LIKE SCARECROWS. CAN'T GET USED TO LIVING WITH PERMANENT DIRT UNDER THEIR NAILS.

FEB 27

EVERY WEEK OR SO A MASSIVE BOMBER FLIES OVER THE FARM REAL LOW LIKE THE PASSENGER JETS USED TO DO TEN MINUTES BEFORE LANDING. NOT SURE WHAT THEY'RE DOING OR WHERE THEY'RE GOING. THEY DON'T SEEM THAT INTERESTED IN US AND THEY ONLY FLY IN ONE DIRECTION. THE GOVERNMENT TRIED TO CONTROL THE COUNTRYSIDE AFTER IT ALL WENT DOWN BUT THEY GAVE UP ON THAT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE CITIES BUT IT CAN'T BE GOOD. THANK GOD I'M NOT STUCK THERE ANYMORE.



Try to find something clean (or as clean as possible). If you can't find a clean rag, towel or t-shirt, just use your hand. Apply the clean element to the wound and apply firm pressure for at least four minutes, longer if it's a larger wound or if you are bleeding profusely. If you are in the woods or near any kind of water source, wash the wound with cold water to get debris out and prevent infection. Apply antibacterial ointment if you have some or else chew some comfrey and then apply the masticated extract to the wound. Cover with a bandage or anything made of clean cotton Keep it elevated to keep your blood pressure normal and take deep belly breaths.

How to Defend Yourself

Try to engage your assailant in conversation to gain time, calm yourself down and try to defuse the situation. If you can't avoid a fight:

1. Breath slowly and deeply to keep your nerves calm. Always look your attacker directly in the eye.

2. Stand with a wide base, both left-to-right and back-to-front, so that your feet are diagonal from each other. This will lessen your likelihood of getting knocked or pushed over.

3. Never hesitate when you move. Best to attack their knees, shins or groin with a swift kick. If they are close enough, kick your knees into their inner leg (femoral nerve), outer leg, knee or groin. These will break down your attacker and may even disable them, as only 12-16 pounds of pressure are needed to break a knee.

4. Don't let yourself be cornered or backed against a wall or into a doorway.

5. The best option, besides avoiding confrontation, is to run for your life.

Moonshine

Basic ingredients: corn meal, sugar, water, yeast, malt.

Basic process:

1. Mix all ingredients together in a large container. After mixing move mixture (mash) into still & leave to let ferment
   Note: How quickly this process occurs depends on warmth of mash.
2. Heat mash to point of vaporization (173°F) the mash will produce a clear liquid, often the colour of dark beer. NOTE: This process must be constantly watched and tended.
3. Trap vapor using a tube or coil. The vapor will be transferred into a second, empty container. The resulting condensation is moonshine.
4. Keep mash in container. It is now called "slop". Add more sugar, water, malt and corn meal and repeat the process.
5. Repeat process up to eight times before replacing mash.

MARCH 4

RUMI, HAFIZ, CAMUS, NIETZSCHE ... THEY WERE THE REAL DEAL. THEY WERE GROUNDED ... THEY STARED AT THE VOID AND LAUGHED ... DANCED IN THE FIELD BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL ... THESE BADASS FREE SPIRITS ARE MY ONLY SOLACE NOW.

FOUCAULT ... TOO DENSE. HIS THEORIES ON POWER MADE SENSE AT THE TIME ... BUT WE ALL KNOW *DISCIPLINE AND PUNISH* WAS REALLY JUST A PROJECTION OF HIS OBSESSION WITH S&M. BAUDRILLARD ... TOO OBTUSE. LACAN ... PURE BULLSHIT. DERRIDA ... NO LONGER RELEVANT. WITTGENSTEIN SOMEHOW STILL WORKS FOR ME, ESPECIALLY THE STUFF ABOUT DEATH AND ETERNITY IN THE *TRACTATUS*. DESCARTES ... TOO CHRISTIAN. LOGICAL POSITIVISM ... A SAD JOKE. HEIDEGGER WAS DEFINITELY ON TO SOMETHING WHEN HE LIVED ALONE THERE IN HIS HUT ... TOO BAD HE WAS A NAZI. THROUGH ALL THESE DEAD WHITE GUYS, YOU CAN TRACE A LINE ... THE ABSTRACTION OF MIND FROM FLESH, OF BEING FROM EARTH, OF HUMANITY FROM ITS SOUL. THESE WERE THE TYPES OF PHILOSOPHERS NIETZSCHE MOCKED ... THOSE WHO "WAGED WAR" ON LIFE. TRULY ... FRIEDRICH WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID ... "'FOR AS LONG AS MEN HAVE EXISTED ... MAN HAS ENJOYED HIMSELF TOO LITTLE: THAT ALONE, MY BROTHERS, IS OUR ORIGINAL SIN!' THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA."

Leah McInnis

Plant Edibility Test

1. Crush sap onto skin, observe contact-poisonous reaction
2. Prepare small segment of plant to be cooked (some plants poisonous -only when raw)
3. Hold portion against lip 3 minutes.
4. Hold plant to tongue, noting burning or tingling
5. Chew plant portion- hold in mouth for I5 mins
6. Swallow
7. Wait 8 hours monitoring bodies reactions.
8. Repeat steps I-7 with larger portion, wait 8 hours.

Ascidiae. — Seefcheiden.

Ernst Haeckel

MARCH 19

I FEEL LOST. SCARED. DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. BUT WE'RE ALL FEELING LOST THESE DAYS. NO WISE ELDERS TO TAKE OUR HANDS AND WALK US THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS PATH THAT LIES AHEAD. WHAT HEROES ARE THERE TO LOOK UP TO THAT HAVE CONQUERED A DEMON AS BIG AS THIS? WE HAD THE GREEK TRAGEDIES TO SHOW US OUR FRAILTY AT THE HANDS OF DESIRE AND HAMLET TO TEACH US THAT THINKING TOO MUCH PREVENTS ACTION. WE HAD THE ODYSSEY TO TEACH US THE IMPORTANCE OF HUMILITY AND THE BIBLE WARNED US MANY TIMES OVER ABOUT GREED, CORRUPTION, INJUSTICE AND HATRED. THE KORAN TAUGHT US THE IMPORTANCE OF LIMITS WHILE THE BHAGAVAD GITA SHOWED US THE IMPORTANCE OF DUTY AND SACRIFICE. BUT RIGHT NOW ... WE HAVE NO ORACLE ... NO REPOSITORY OF ANCIENT WISDOM ... TO GUIDE US THROUGH THIS DARK TIME.

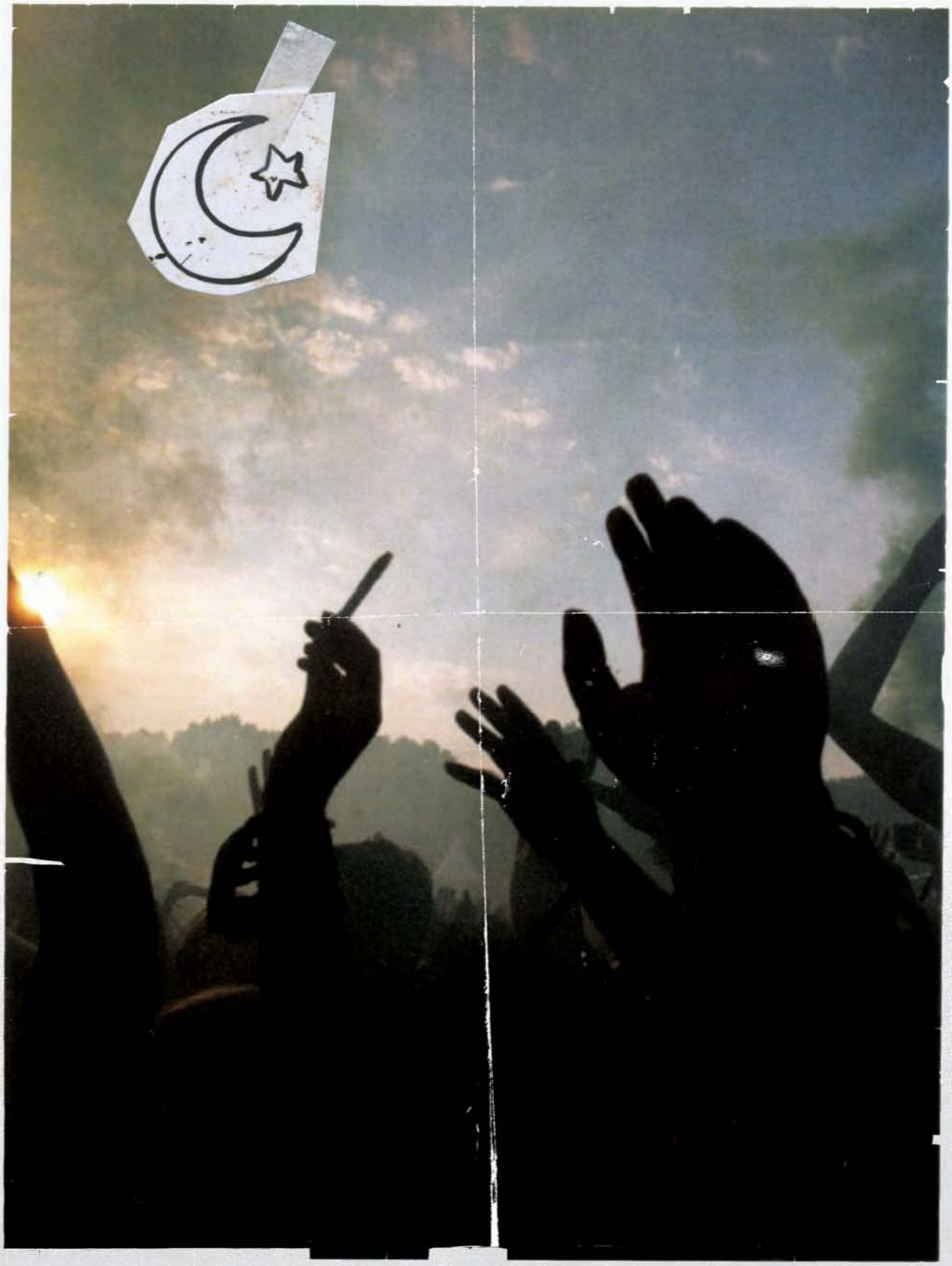
MARCH 21

THERE'S A REAL HEALER AMONG US! SHE'S A ONE-OF-A-KIND OLD SOUL. I DON'T KNOW HOW WE EVER SURVIVED WITHOUT SOMEONE LIKE HER BEFORE THE CRASH. SHE APPLIES HERBS FROM THE GARDEN TO MY CUTS AND BRUISES AND ADVISES ME ON WHAT I NEED TO EAT MORE OF BASED ON THE TINGE OF MY IRIS. SHE CHECKS MY PULSE AND TELLS ME I NEED TO LAUGH MORE AND START EATING MEAT AGAIN. A FEW DAYS AGO SHE LOOKED AT MY TONGUE AND TOLD ME I NEEDED TO MAKE LOVE TO LIL DAILY AT SUNRISE FOR ONE MONTH. MY OLD SHRINK NEVER SAID THAT TO ME. AND WHEN LIL HAS BOUTS OF ANXIETY ... SHE NOT ONLY CALMS HER DOWN BUT TRANSPORTS HER TO THIS WHOLE NEW DIMENSION OF INSIGHT. I TWISTED MY ANKLE THE OTHER DAY AND AS SHE WAS FIXING IT ... IT WAS AS IF SHE WAS FIXING EVERY OTHER PART OF ME THAT'S EVER BEEN TWISTED AND MANGLED AND BROKEN. SURE, SHE TEACHES US HOW TO HEAL OUR ACHES AND PAINS AND OUR DIGESTION, OUR IN-GROWN TOENAILS AND OUR INFECTIONS. BUT WHAT SHE'S REALLY DOING IS TEACHING US HOW TO LIVE AND DIE.

this is a living machine

Sea levels are expected to keep rising for the next 1,000 years or more.

Graybacks, John McWilliams



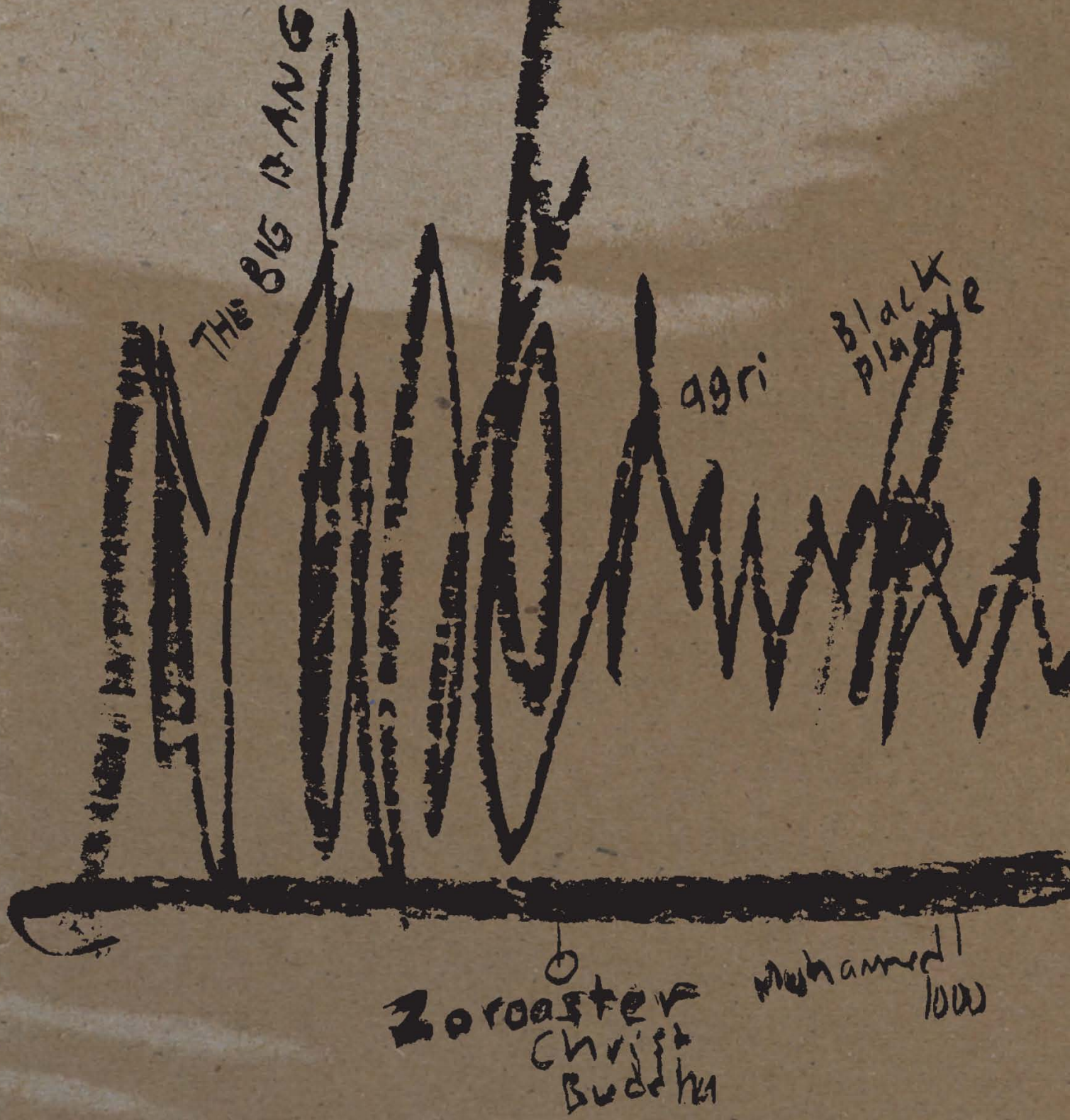
20 APRIL 2030

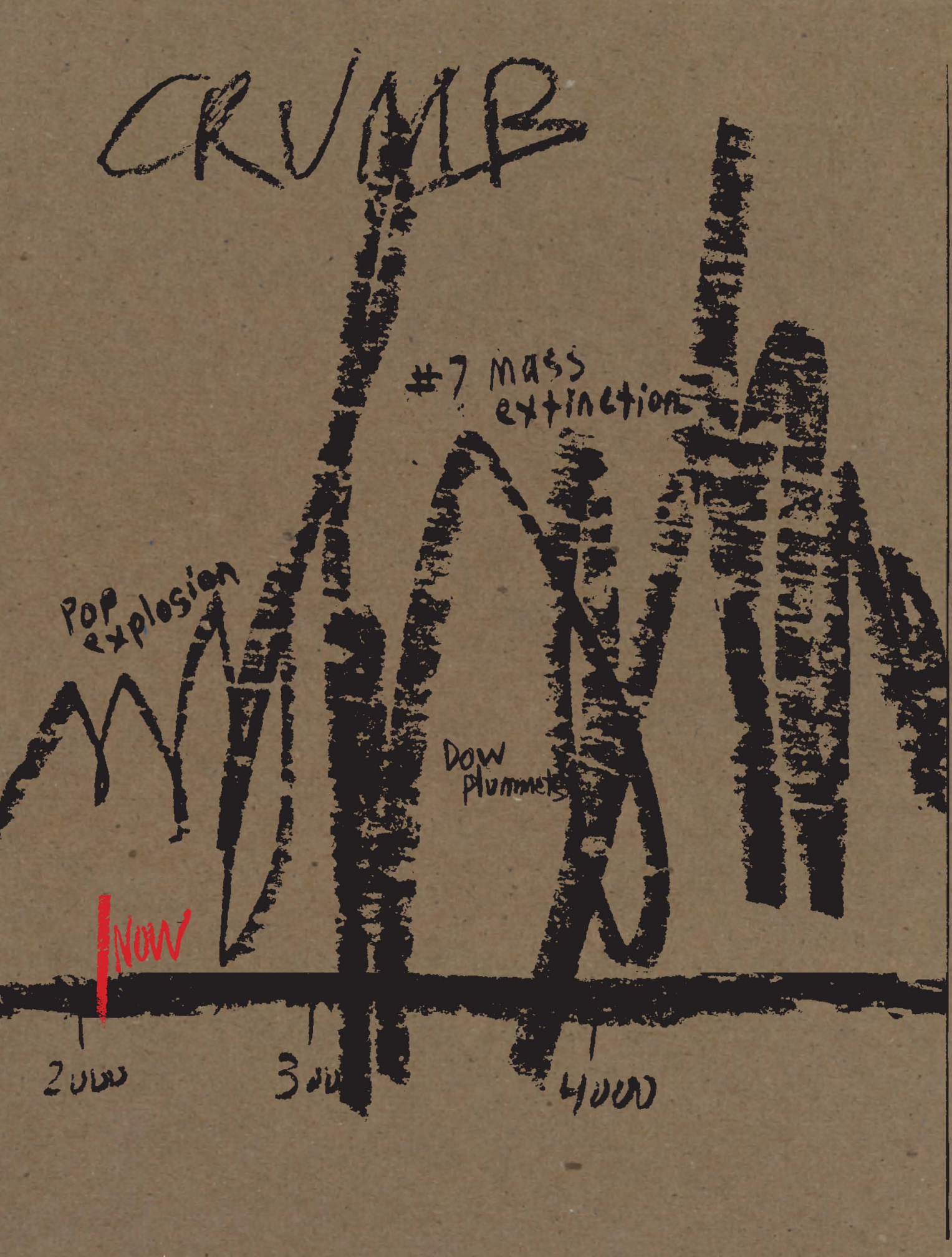
So many decades, years and eons of religious war our planet has seen... across the Middle East and Asia...the conquests...the crusades... It's a bloody shame (literally... bloody) that all the great religions of the world which dominated our spiritual life for thousands of years couldn't see their reflections in each other. They all used different metaphors to tell us essentially the same thing...how to live a good, honest life. To love our neighbors, to live with integrity, to keep our word, to share with strangers, exist with gratitude... and yet, as our existential crisis reached its terrifying peak, none of them were able to offer a unifying narrative that could pull us out of the darkness we were plummeting into. Why couldn't these spiritual traditions gel? What in the name of God was it... about Sunni & Shia, Hindu & Buddhist, Catholic and Protestant, Judaic & Islamic that stopped them from embracing each other? Why did they turn their backs on the most precious gift that their prophets gave them, and bully each other to death for 2000 years? Is this Dark Age that we're entering into some kind of existential riddle, another great spiritual test that we must live through before we can see the light?... is there a final secret that will eventually be revealed?

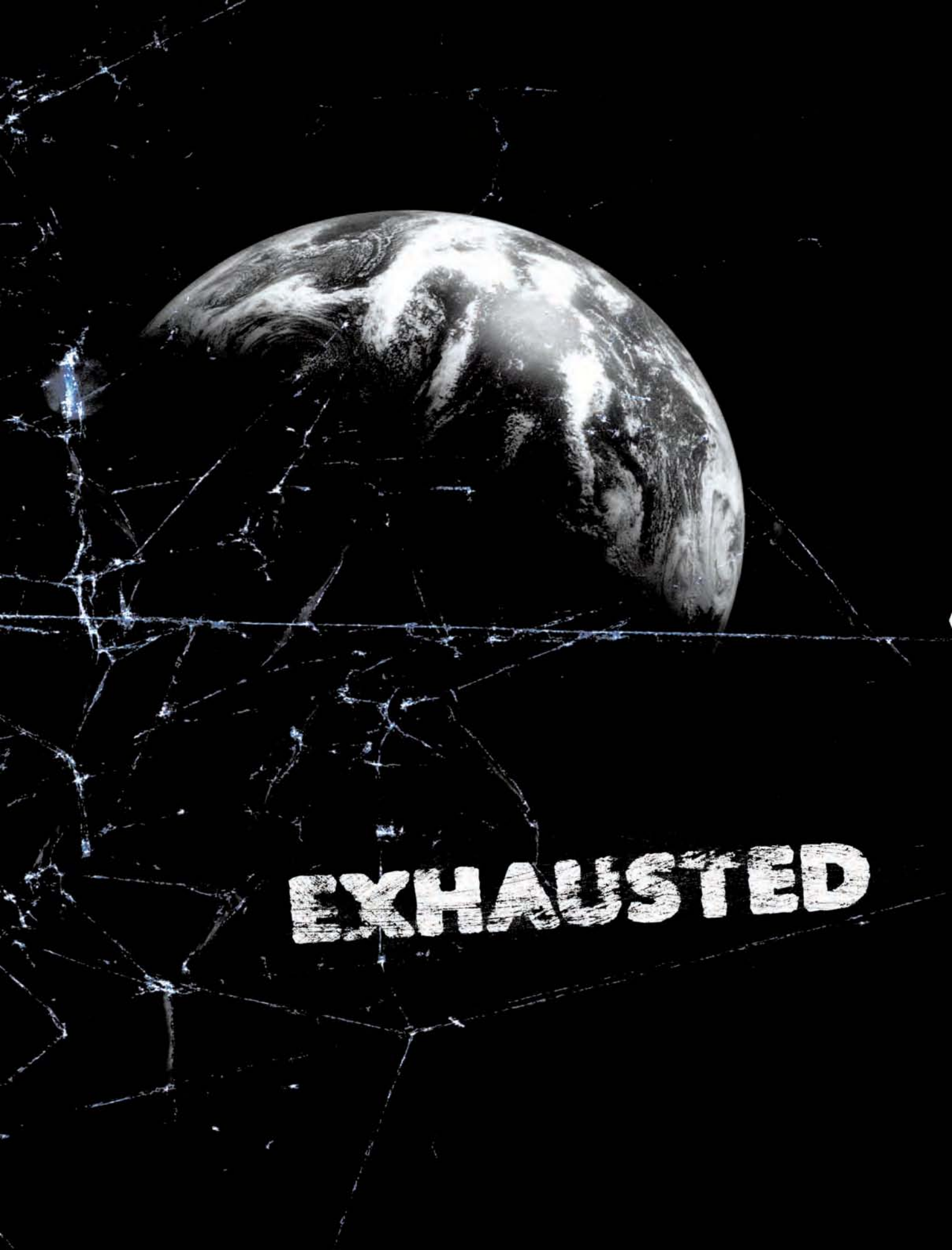
the courage
(as a species)
to die

Embrace (1982), Robert Mapplethorpe

THE BIG


THE BIG BANG
agri
Black plague
Zoroaster
Christ
Buddha
Muhammad
1000

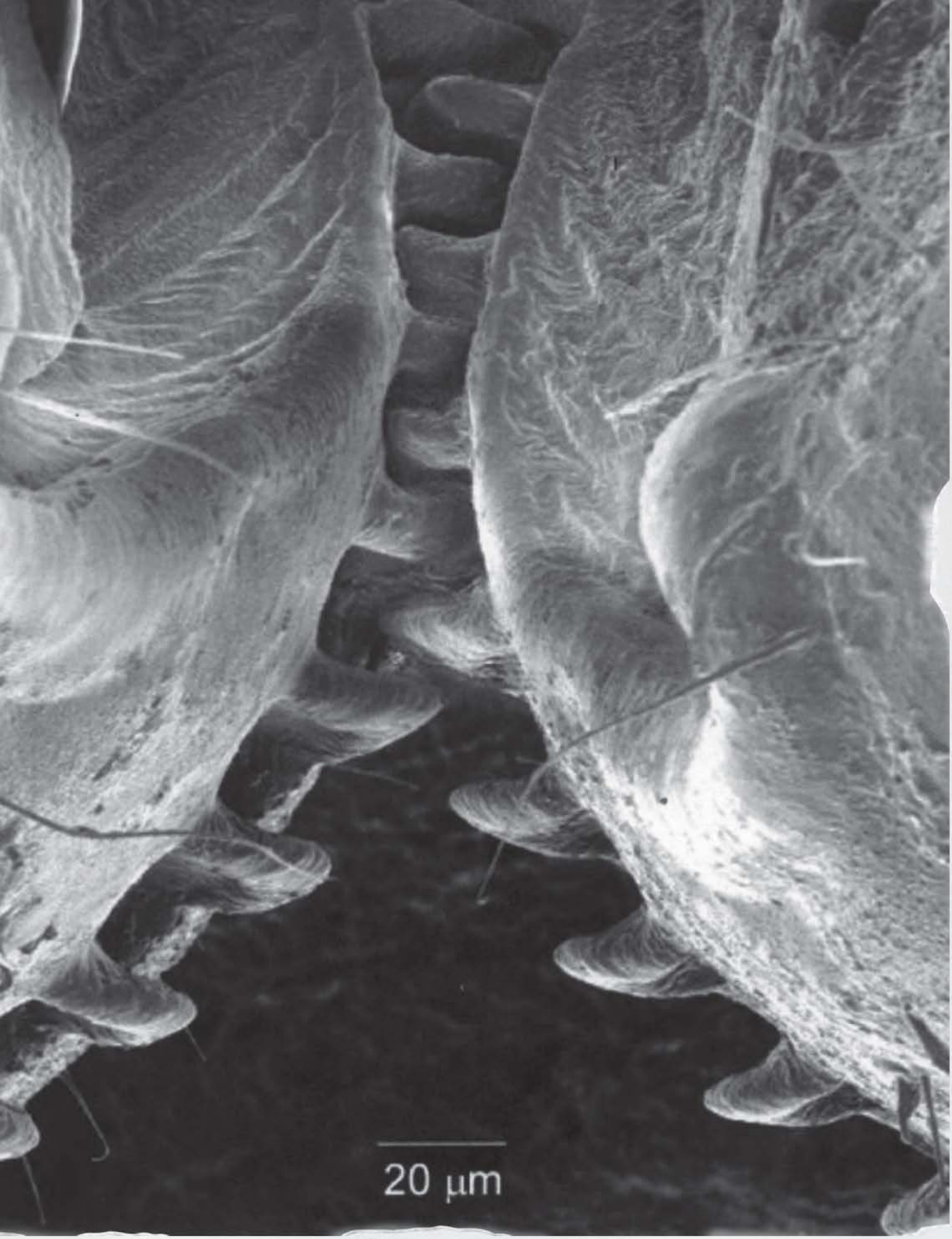

CRUMB
#7 mass extinction
Pop explosion
Now
Dow plummets
2000
3000
4000


EXHAUSTED

15 JUNE

Spent the final dawn of science looking for the God Particle inside the smallest bits of matter we could fix our auxillary eyes upon ... searching for something to explain all of this ... mass, gravity, motion, strong and weak force, our origins. Underpinning it all is this stubborn and all-too-human desire for answers to things that we will never know ... maybe we can't ever know - it is forbidden to peer behind God's door. But of course we will never stop trying to sneak a peek, we will never stop trying to figure it out, never stop knocking on the doors of perception, never stop questioning ... Who are we? Where did we come from? Where are we going? Do we have free will? Do we, at least sometimes, glimpse reality? Is there a God? Does he like me? Or are we Gods ourselves? Do these last few hundred thousand years of our evolution ... this 'epic' human journey we've been on ... add up to anything? Or are we like a swarm of carpenter ants ... doing what we're told ... running around a mound of dirt, destined to spoil our nest and die an insignificant death alone somewhere in the vast reaches of all that is ...?...??

Elias Carlson



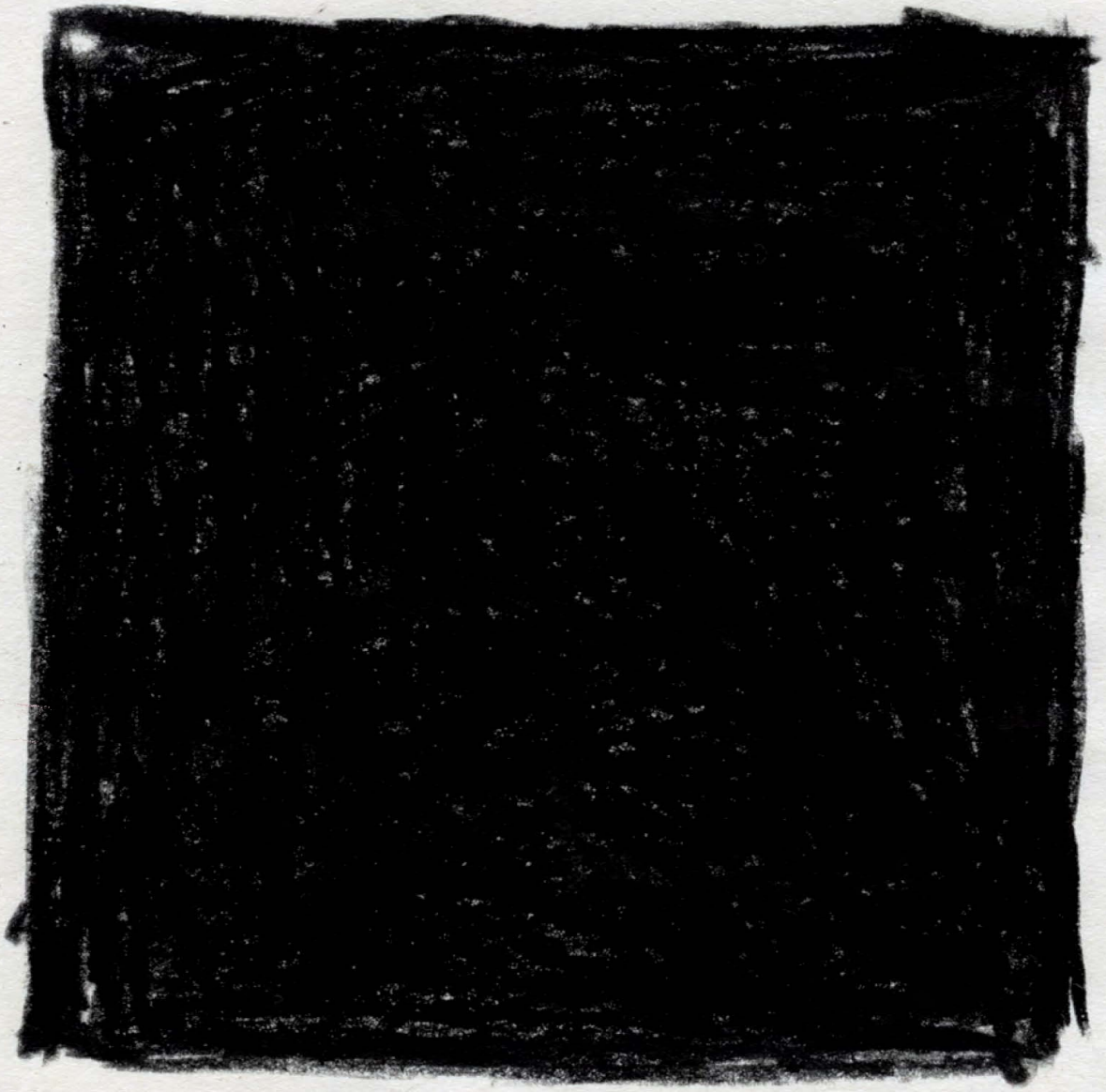
Malcolm Burrows

A scan of the gear joints on a young planthopper insect.

A scan of the Milky Way.

NASA/APOD

Why is the universe made of matter instead of antimatter?



blankness \ blæŋk\ *adj.* **1.** unrelieved by decorative or other features **2.** bare, empty, plain **3.** containing no information **4.** unrecorded or erased **4.** not completed or filled in **5.** not having received final processing **6.** unfinished

AUGUST 20, 2032

Many of us start the day by turning the tape player on. The same song is always queued up. Monotone Silence by Yves Klein. After the crash you heard it everywhere.

First on the student radio stations ... then at spontaneous gatherings which sprung up in NYC, then in San Fran, then Austin, Toronto, Montreal and Chicago. People would sit in circles. One person would start to hum it ... then another ... and another ... before you knew it, everyone was humming. Leaning against a stranger. Holding hands with an elder. Eyes closed or looking ahead with blankness. The first hit of the new Earth. It's twenty minutes of an entire orchestra and chorus playing D followed by twenty minutes of silence.

They say that when it was originally played back in 1980, it brought the entire audience to uncontrollable tears. Silence is a real thing. It's not nothing. Yves said silence is the most important part of sound ... something we all lost sight of somewhere along the way.

No beginning. No end. One chord with all the emotion and intensity of a single build ... poured into the physical anguish of twenty minutes. New songs come into your head. You hear words and melodies where you once thought there were none. And then smash. An abrupt halt. All the notes in the world in your head and not a single string moving ... not a single breath pushing air. I think Yves was onto something ... but then he went and died of a heart attack not long after. He was 34.

The other day I had Yves playing in the car. I passed one, abandoned, that was the same make and model as mine. I pulled over. I managed to get both rear tires off. Then I smashed the driver side window and took a peek inside. Just a bunch of paper and garbage. I felt a bit bad in case the folks who left it were coming back. But no one ever comes back. I siphoned what fuel was left in the gas tank into a milk jug. Three liters maybe. The hood was up. Looks like they busted a belt. I snatched the spark plugs too. I don't know why they didn't take the gas. I kept the modified tape player in my car at full volume while I was scavenging. At the moment of crescendo into silence I cried.

Nov 7 -

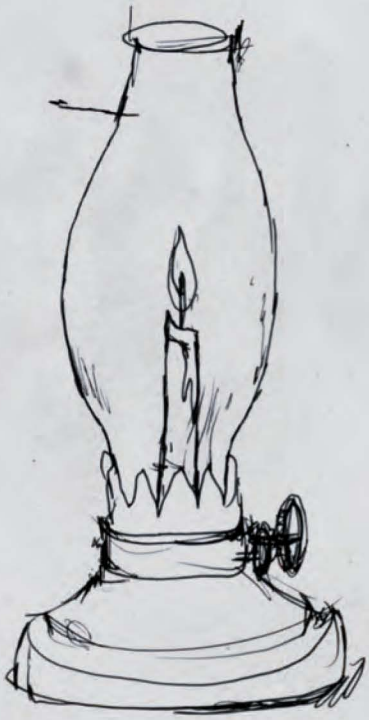
Andres Marroquin

a future
without
artifice?

PRIMITIVII PRIMITIVI

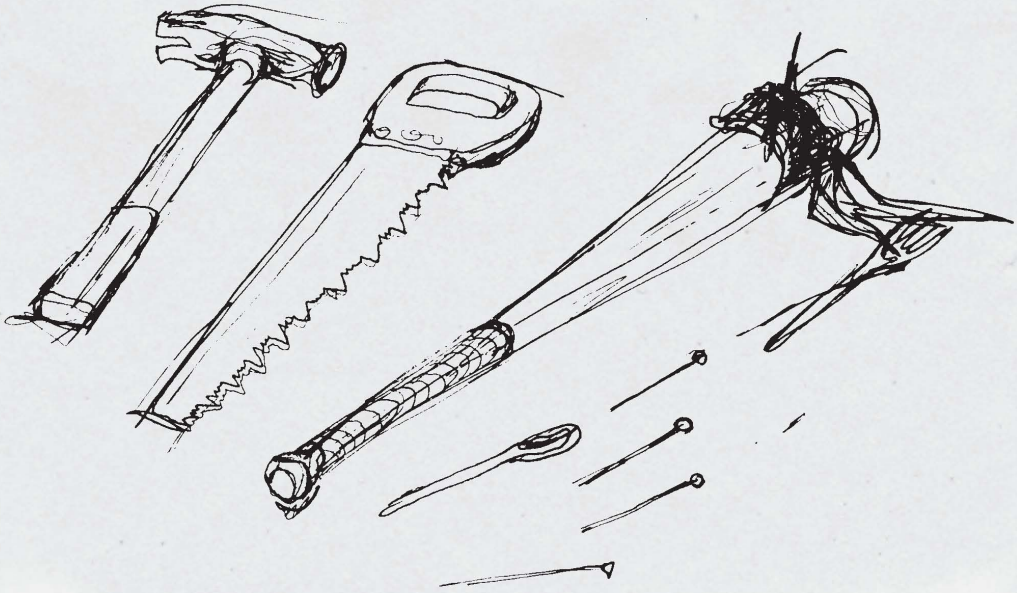
TISCH TESCH

PRIMITIVI



All the joy the world contains
Has come through wishing happiness for others
All the misery the world contains
Has come through wanting pleasure for oneself

—Shantideva, *The Way of the Bodhisattva*



Ballet Atlantique - Stick Throw - Andy Goldsworthy

FOR THE CHILDREN

The rising hills, the slopes,
of statistics
lie before us.
the steep climb
of everything, going up,
up, as we all
go down.

In the next century
or the one beyond that,
they say,
are valleys, pastures,
we can meet there in peace
if we make it.

To climb these coming crests
one word to you, to
you and your children:

stay together
learn the flowers
go light

Gary
Snyder
"Turtle Island"
New Directions, 74

Δ Bill of Rights for Future Generations

Albuquerque
July 2002
nobody listened

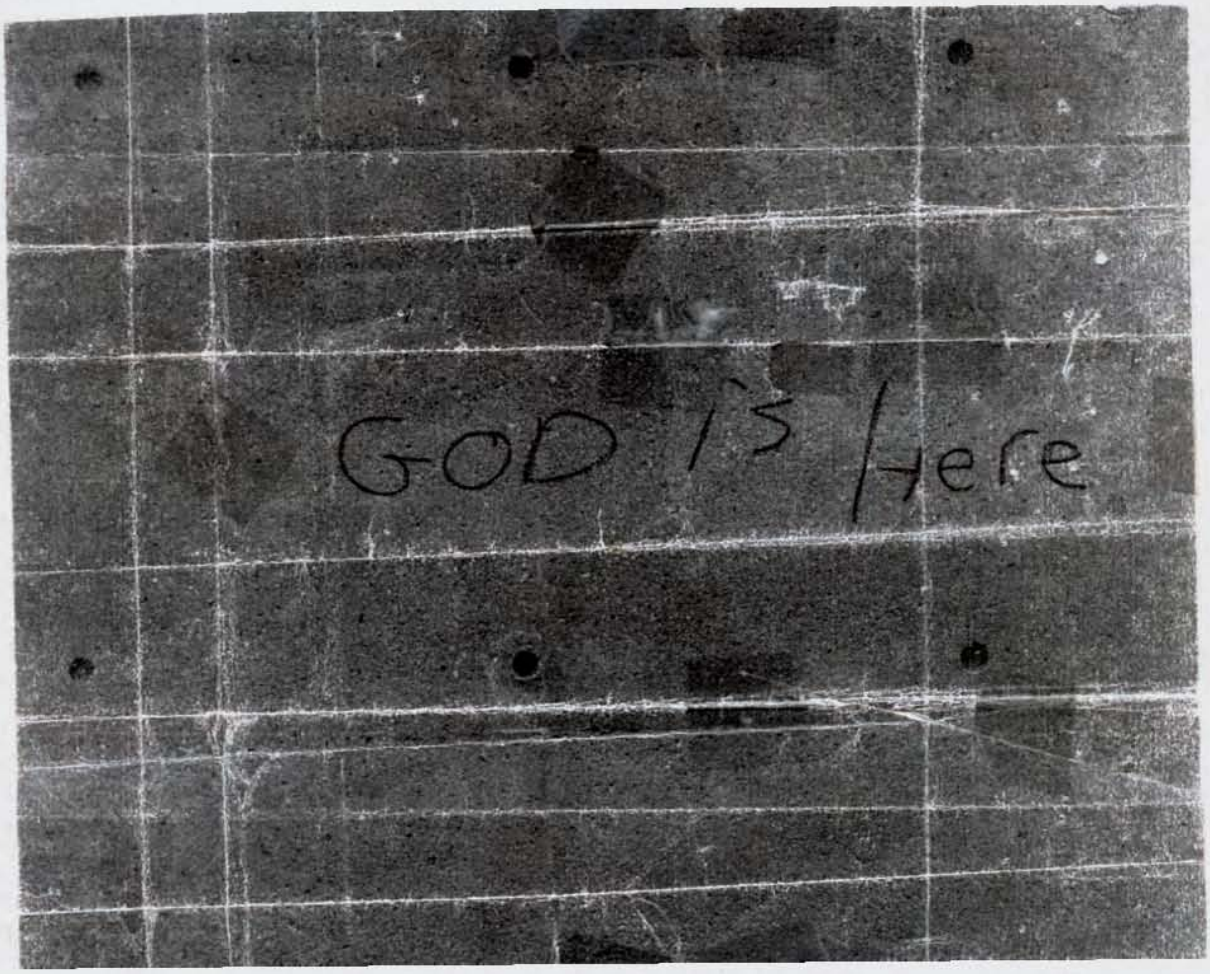
We, the people of the future, like the multitudes who came before us, have the right to air that smells sweet, to water that tastes pure, and to land that is fertile, unspoiled and green.

We have the right to inherit a world free of chemicals, nuclear waste and genetic pollution. We have the right to live alongside nature, some of which is still untamed.

We ask you, the people of the present, not to bequeath us a toxic legacy. We ask that you not gamble with technology that may backfire in the future, and request that you not burden us with the weight of ever-deferred debt. We would like to claim our share of the planet's bounty. Please do not use it all up.

In turn, we promise to grant the same rights and privileges to the generations who follow us, in the sacred hope that the human spirit will live forever.

Δ curse on any generation who ignores this desperate plea.


GOD is Here

It was nine in the morning and I just drank two bloody mary's.

I was sitting outside the bar in the sun and smoking cigarettes.

My friend Billy sat beside me.

It was a beautiful day after lots of rain.

And my head just straightened out.

Then a Bum with long shaggy curls and three hand written pages strolls up.

A paperclip held them together.

"I am a philosopher, give me two dollars and I'll read these pages."

exh

I light up a cigarette.

r ent

"What's it about?"

"The secret of life."

"Oh yeah."

"Yeah, give me two dollars and I'll read it."

"I don't want to know the secret."

He turns away from me and looks at my friend.

"Give me two dollars and I'll read you these pages."

"No."

Shane Adair

He looks at the ground for a few moments thinking.

Then wanders off.

JULY 7

A paradigm shift in economics is well underway now ... it's about time! Pity it took the crash of the whole global system to get to this. We're all still shaking our heads, wondering why we were so powerless to stop it ... how is it that we all just kept going along with the logic freaks - those doomsday neoclassicists, ppl like Freidman, Hayek, Mankiw - until it all blew up in their cool, collected, calculating minds. Then ... their stone faces and stubborn theories were forced to bend. At long last, Growth is no longer God. Progress is now recognized as a spiritual question as much as a mathematical one. True cost has replaced equilibrium as the founding premise of economics. The prices of products are currently in revision so that costs reflect the ecological pay-off. Bionomics gatherings are happening in all the major urban centers ... they always begin, appropriately, with a moment of silence ... a "lest we forget" type of sobriety. I only wish I could forget ... the die-off, the collapse, the riots and food wars. Lil still has nightmares. I only wish I could be alive long enough to see if there is, in fact, another way for us to change for the better ... besides crisis. But at least now we can finally say that the old Wall Street crowd is gone for good. Usury is taboo again. Here in Osoyoos we've banned it completely ... building something totally new. If we're going to get out of this alive ... it begins just like this.

Mario Ruiz/Corbis

remember this?

Ivan Argot

MAY 2, 2041

Lil and I finally made it to San Fran. SFMOMA is so much more run down than it used to be. Just two guards at the door. The gift shop seems to be the only thing keeping it going. It looks totally different now that the abstract paintings that so mesmerized the art world in the pre-crash days are nowhere to be seen. I asked one of the curators where they all were. A few are still in the New York archives he said, a handful at the Tate ... others are squirrelled away in private collections by folks hoping they'll be worth something again one day. But you'd be hard pressed to find any artist or collector who respects anything from that era anymore, those pieces are coveted only as artifacts of a culture in decline. Finally everyone agrees ... abstraction was the last gasp of a dying imagination, an aesthetic dead-end that first passed through Rock n' Roll, Grand Theft Auto and microwave popcorn (remember that?)

It feels good to be here. To see the art world leaping forward in bold new directions. The shift is everywhere. Beyond these gallery walls, music is playing with full choruses. Mostly Gregorian chanting. Craftspeople everywhere are experiencing a renaissance. To be an artist now is to be part of the world, not somewhere outside of it peering in ... art is no longer just about putting paint on canvas & hanging these precious items up on giant white walls. Welcome ... at long last ... to the dematerialization-the spiritualization-of art! At SFMOMA, now, you can really taste it. The building is a playground. Each drinking fountain is a water slide waiting to get out. Around every corner you're confronted by faces and bodies, people and moving objects coming in and around and at you in provocative ways ... sometimes surprising and playful, sometimes choreographed and artful, yet sometimes it feels a bit threatening if you're not used to it. It all reminds me of the early performance artists like Tino Sehgal and Marina Abramovic who were big right before shit went down.

Lil and I wandered around having our minds blown. Kept wondering, 'is this even art?' ... which lead me to epiphany after epiphany. The same way Malevich's Black Square or Warhol's Soup Cans once challenged me to reshape my perspective. That was years and years ago. But now the experience is less cerebral, more visceral and hands on ... face to face, eyes to eyes, minds and bodies connecting in the here and now. It feels like a new kind of meaning is emerging ... Living Art ... it shows us how to live. How to reclaim that essential thing we all lost somewhere in the abstraction ... gratitude.

JULY 15, 2047

Everyone's talking about this throwback Communist/Confucian-inspired #oneall meme coming out of China ... even Lil who rarely gets chatty about politics is all excited.

The idea is that the four + billion of us left should adopt a new principle to live by-not based on individual rights but on individual responsibility-that no one should have a footprint greater than another. So in this new world, you can still aspire to greatness, accumulate a widely admired persona ... you can get all the accolades, have a billion followers, be a cultural icon, even a world leader if that's your destiny ... but you cannot consume more than anyone else. Your planetary impact cannot exceed that of a single other. The pre-crash dinosaurs hate this idea ... but it's gone viral in a big way, becoming one of the founding principles of our bio-region ... maybe it will inspire a whole new, global order!

remember Target?

Brian Ulrich

I thought you were gone.
Extinct. Dead. Erased.
Lost to the ether with a final artic howl of myth.
But a quicksilver glint of fur and teeth in the junkyard, so quick, an offwhite peel of bared teeth.
And then you were gone.

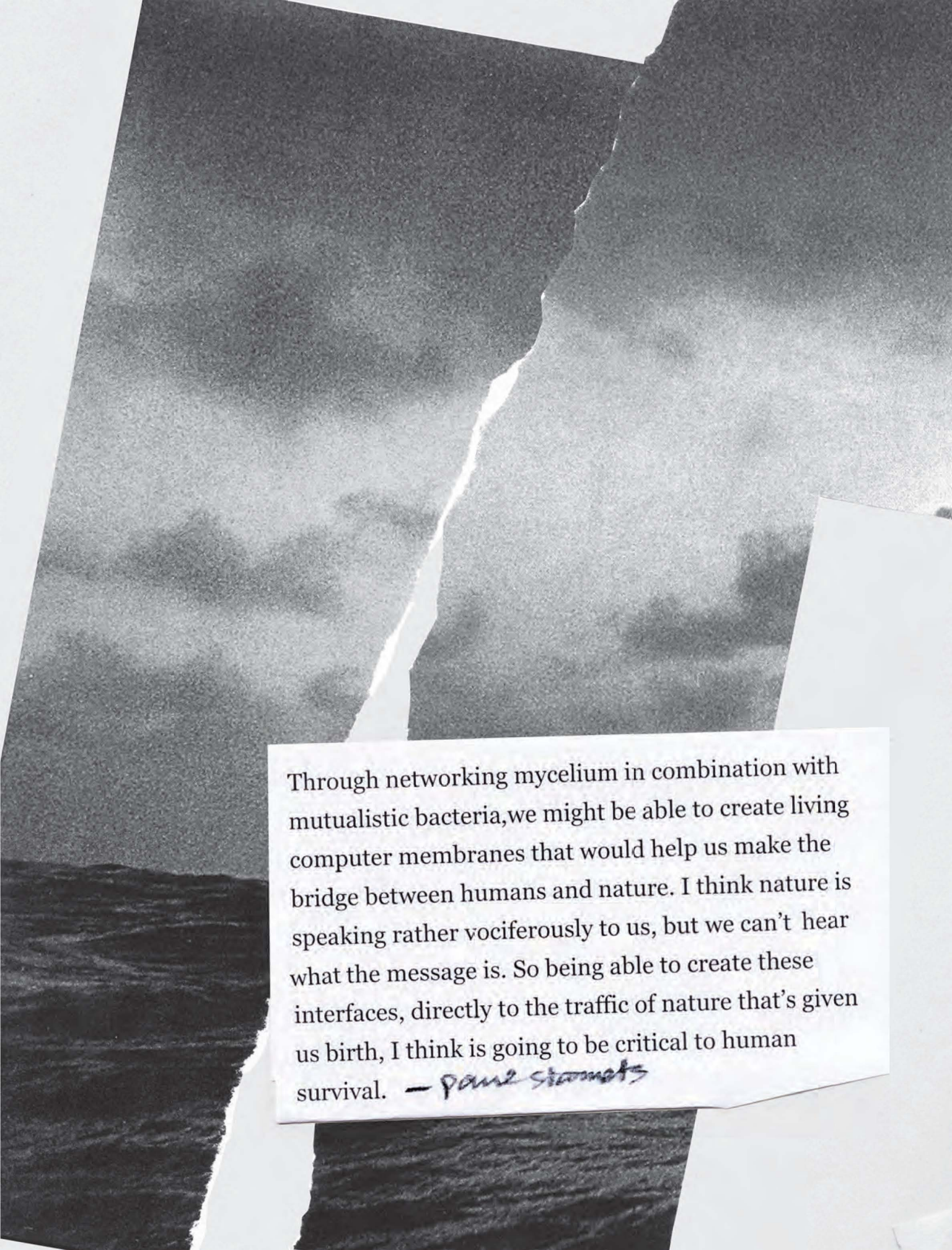
Lil and I
In the catastrophe we found force
Lords of a world entirely our own
Created a rapture, a beautiful enigma
Outlawed the laws
We torched the bankcards
Screamed at the road signs and kissed the night
And when the sun rose,
We looked into each others' eyes
And the rhythm went on

Remember two car families? Double garages. T.V.'s in every room. Full size fridges. Freezers. Texas toast. Super sized meals. Barbeques. Big Gulps. One stop shopping. WiFi everywhere.

Time it takes to grow one inch of soil: 1,000 years

Joachim Tschirner, From the documentary THE ARAL SEA – Where the Water ends, the World ends
© by Um Welt Film Produktionsgesellschaft mbH, Berlin, Germany, www.umweltfilm.de

Graybacks, John McWilliams



Through networking mycelium in combination with mutualistic bacteria,we might be able to create living computer membranes that would help us make the bridge between humans and nature. I think nature is speaking rather vociferously to us, but we can't hear what the message is. So being able to create these interfaces, directly to the traffic of nature that's given us birth, I think is going to be critical to human survival. — paul stamets

Time to be alone,
space to move about . . .
these are the great scarcities now . . .

Lucyna Kolendo

. . . quiet, stillness and empty space are craved

Theo Gosselin

I must have been like eight years old and the summer had ended and school had begun.
It was autumn and the land was drying and the leaves were changing colors.
Everything was brown and yellow and red and orange.
And the air was very refreshing.
It was cool and crisp and the sun was warm.
Then a cloud would cover the sun and the wind would gust and a sudden chill would make you shiver.
But when the sun was shining,
The temperature was just right.
And it had to be a Sunday.
Families would get dressed up to go to church then brunch.
Later fathers would throw the football around with their sons.
Or groups of children would ride their bicycles' around the neighborhood.
And groups of children would play a game of football.

At some point in the game there would be an argument and one kid would leave the game with a skinned knee and bloody nose.
You'd also see newly weds pushing strollers with their first born who they conceived in their first home or before.
And as the day passed and the suns angle decreased,
Less and less people would be outside.
Families would then sit in the living room and watch television anxiously waiting for dinner.
I'd go into my room and lay on my burnt sienna-orange shag carpet.
The sun would shine through one of my windows.
And there would be a window of light and heat projected on my carpet.
I'd lay there not thinking and our black cat Spooky would walk up and down my stomach.
Neither of us needed to say anything, we knew all we needed at that time.
Between the warmth of the light and the hypnotizing of the dust particles, floating through the air
and Spooky swatting.
They'd disappear as they left the light.
And the color of the shag carpet.

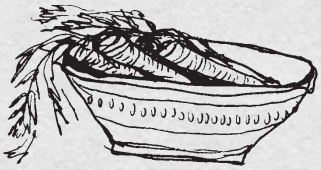
Shane Adair

September 17

(My heart spikes with mad joy at the sight of a patch of wildflowers.)

Oct 30

it ain't over
till it's over...



THIS YEAR RISE ABOVE IT + CETTE ANNÉE, RÉSISTEZ À LA FOLIE + ESTE AÑO SUBLEVATE + 今年こそ、慣習を飛び越えよう。 + هاي السنة ارتق بنفسك

BUY NOTHING CHRISTMAS

WWW.ADBUSTERS.ORG